

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 15, 1959 50 CENTS

TEXAS GAMBLES ITS WAY PAST ARKANSAS

Slick Street on his touchdown run





It's from Buick.

We're intent on lighting your fire this year. How can we miss?

This is Buick's new Opel GT. 1970 Opel GT.

It's everything its looks imply. And more.

It's equipped with a 1.1 liter engine. A 1.9 liter engine is available for the more enthusiastic among us.

It's also equipped with four-on-the-floor. Although a fully automatic 3-speed transmission is available.

Opel GT's cockpit is spectacular. With standard equipment that includes a transistorized radio and antenna. Sculptured bucket seats. Tachometer. Precision odometer. Ammeter. Electric clock. Headlamps that appear and disappear with a flick of a lever. And radial ply tires.

Almost everything you could ask for is standard. Except the car itself.

Buick's Opel GT.

It's from Buick.

And it's waiting to light your fire.

Now.

Opel GT. One of the 1970 light-your-fire cars from Buick.

Synergistic Stereo

RCA introduces a component system greater than the sum of its parts.



You don't have to run yourself ragged shopping for matched components for your Stereo system. Now you can buy an entire first-class component system from one manufacturer, U.S.

It's synergistic stereo—RCA's new component series. There's nothing quite like it for great stereo.

All by RCA

Take our SS5000 above. All of its components are matched to work together for optimum performance and compatibility. Every one of them—the speakers, the tuner/amplifier, and the turntable—were designed and built by RCA. And as you would expect, we also give you extra features such as:

Computer Crafted Tuner

The SS5000 features RCA's high-performance Computer Crafted Stereo Tuner in the tuner/amplifier. It means great performance because it brings in hard-to-get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and separates stations crammed together on the dial.

100 watts peak power

Put behind all this a tuner/amplifier with 100 watts of peak power.

This solid state stereo amp can handle everything from the massive tones of a pipe organ pedal to the delicate upper range of the piccolo. That's synergistic stereo for you.

Speakers in sealed enclosures

Each speaker unit houses a 10-inch woofer with an especially flexible rubber suspension called "Elastomer Surround"—a new technique in speaker construction.

Elastomer Surround provides greater depth and clarity to the bass notes, giving them such power they can actually blow out a match. The upper register is handled by two 3½-inch specially designed tweeters.

Synchronous motor turntable

The turntable on our SS5000 is a precision 4-speed instrument for automatic or manual playing. Its synchronous motor assures accurate

record speeds regardless of line voltage variations. So friction-free is the turntable, it continues to turn for nearly a minute after it's shut off.

And there's more

Our SS5000 is abundant with features such as our famous Feather Action Tone Arm, a Duralife® diamond stylus, a pause selector, muting switch, tape and earphone jack—and many others.

Lower priced models, too

There are three synergistic stereo systems in all. Our lower-priced models—the SS4000 and the SS3000—are more compact, with some of the same features as the SS5000.

We said they were greater than the sum of their parts. But why not pay a call to your RCA dealer and find out for yourself?

RCA

The Mark of a Man.



A Gentleman's Cologne 4 oz. 5.00, 8 oz. 8.00, Spray Cologne 5.00, After Shave Lotion 4 oz. 3.50, 8 oz. 6.00

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Next week

THE ASTONISHING DECADE of the '60s, an unparalleled one in sport, is the theme of a special year-end issue. A 42-page gallery of photographs presents the memorable moments and the heroes of the past 10 years, while William Johnson, in Part I of a series on the impact of television on sport, tells how the era of Super Spectator and MassCom arrived to change—for better or for worse, but certainly forever—our sporting way of life. The Sportsman of the Year is named, a man whose achievements and personality say something of the past and future, too. The week's news will be fully covered as well, also, stories on pro football and the forthcoming bowl games.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

From time to time we come out of this corner swinging—at least our writers do. We have our angry man of conversation, Senior Editor Bob Boyle, who, with the indistinctness of Old Beer, Ohio, is hit by 10 color-glass photographs with circles and arrows goes after the country's litterers and polluters. Boyle dished his major case against the despoilers in a piece entitled *America Down the Drain* (Nov. 18, 1984), and he has continued since then to square off against the heavy weights of industry. Our investigative reports, such as Senior Editor Jack Ollsen's series on the grizzly bear murders, sometimes provoke our readers as much as the officials involved, and they are meant to, for the issues concerned are ones that merit close attention and occasionally a raised voice.

to sing loudly in pubs when the sky is overcast. He is also the best knower and most authoritative fisherman in Great Britain. His regular column appears in the *London Daily Telegraph*; he does weekly articles for the highly regarded *Ambler's Mail* and he appears frequently in the *London Sunday Times*.

Gammion is no mean salmon fisherman: he once caught five in one morning, and he has ample personal evidence that the fish is truly disappearing. He did not catch one all last season in his favorite river, the Towy, and he notes that "the price of salmon at the fishmongers in Aberdeen when I was there last spring had gone from 6 shillings [72¢] per pound to 90 shillings [\$3.60]." Then he confesses: "My Welsh blood is at the boiling point. The Danes are just out for a quick kill."

The attitude of the Danish authorities that Gammion interviewed was full of icy self-righteousness. "They were very correct and polite," Gammion says. "They did not try to hold anything back. They felt entitled to tell the salmon and didn't really mind what I saw on my trip to Greenland. I had even tried to arrange a trip to the shore nets for Gammion, but the Eskimos, who are suddenly unknown much as \$4,000 a month in the better times, were not about to allow an anglerfisher into their happy hunting grounds. Since the Eskimos own all the boats along the desolate Greenland coast, Gammion was effectively landlocked. He did, however, manage to set up a beachhead of sorts at Siumkertoppen and, forgetting among the whalebones that litter the place, he got his story. It is one that is going to be pieced together all the way from Maine and Canada to England, Scotland, Norway and Sweden. And it is one more bit of blood to the boiling point."



WRITER GAMMION HOOKED A BIG ONE

This week another of our contributors, the often whimsical Clive Gammion, is speaking out in anger and sorrow. His subject is killing on the high seas with the victim one of the most prized of all game fish, the Atlantic salmon. In *The Danes Accuse* (p. 58) Gammion feels he has found the villains and he says so in no uncertain terms.

When interviewed Clive Gammion is a jovial Welshman with wild strands of red hair that blow about, a knock with a humorous story—he has written several for us—and a willingness

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

London, England

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In 1835, Dr. James Crow developed the first quality control distilling process, and Old Crow was born. It revolutionized the Bourbon industry—and ever since, Americans everywhere have known which Bourbon to give and which one they hoped they'd get: smoother, mellower Old Crow.

Nothing finer has happened to Bourbon in seven generations. Old Crow.

Dr. James Crow:
Father of his
country's whiskey.



A woman has many tactics.
Should you give her another?



Ambush by Dena

BOOKTALK

Poet, painter and wide receiver, the Rams' Bernie Casey sees people one at a time

Look at *The People* (Doubleday) is the title of a new book of poems by Bernie Casey, a former pass receiver for the Los Angeles Rams. The book also contains reproductions of nine of Casey's paintings. It is a fine book. It costs \$4.95. Go buy it. There is not much more a book reviewer need say. If a poem or a picture is good, it speaks in an authentic voice. Casey's see, they do.

Still best known as a football player, or an ex-football player, Bernie himself says that he is primarily a painter. He holds a master's degree in fine arts from Bowling Green State University and has been teaching there as a graduate assistant for four years. However, at about the same time Painter-Student-Teacher Casey's first poetry was being published, Poet Casey was also finishing up a movie, . . . tick . . . tick . . . tick . . . Casey sees no reason for a man to be limited, even by his own definition of himself.

As for his poems—it is too bad to have to choose among them, but here are two.

PARADOX

*perpetual paradox
lived between the
fir trees and
there is no noise
in the house.
sequestered animals
peer from behind lustrous
curtains as
ghosts go stomping
through my dreams
awakening the neighbors
and sneaking havoc
with the
red cross.*

And *Look, See*, from which the book takes its title:

*look at the rain
one drop at a time,
look at a tree
one leaf at a time,
look at the grass
one blade at a time,
look at the people
one person at a time.*

And the final lines of *I Thought of You*
. . . the look in your face
when you discovered the race
we ran
is a tie.
winner take all,
who not?

The other poems in the book are very different—from these and from each other—but they are all as good. Then there are the paintings. So again, go buy the book. Among all those other things, Mr. Casey, though no longer catching passes, is more widely receptive than ever.

—BARBARA LA FONTAINE

If a car doesn't have to be an extension of your manhood.

Either you have it or you don't.

No amount of bulging chrome, 5 or 6 on the floor, or overhead cams has ever turned a milksop into Attila the Hun.

The Renault 10 is for men who don't need a crutch. It is, simply and stubbornly, an intelligent well-made automobile.

It delivers a very efficient 35 miles a gallon. Does 0 to 60 in 18.6 seconds, and has a top speed of 85

mph. Enough for anybody who isn't trying to prove something. It's also got disc brakes on all four wheels to protect you from guys who are.

Besides, it even out-handles and out-corners a lot of fancy-price fantasy wagons.

Our price is a mere \$1725*.

But for another 50 bucks you can get bucket seats that fold down into a bed.



RENAULT 

For nearest dealer see the Yellow Pages or write Renault Inc., 100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey 07632.

'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Problems. Problems. Our Managing Director recently pointed out that Christmas won't fall on a Tuesday until 1973.



And the entire world now knows (he continued) that we have selected Tuesday as the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

Are we possibly depriving some good people (he pursued) of one of the traditional joys of Christmas?

Well, look at it this way, sir (we hazarded). Through a peculiar bit of luck, Twelfth-night will fall on a Tuesday this year. By celebrating Twelfth-night somewhat in advance—say December 25th—all inconvenience should be avoided.

The Old Gentleman appeared considerably relieved and has authorized the publication of the above. Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la!

Teacher's Scotch

SCORECARD

HANDS ACROSS BERING STRAIT

Expansion franchises in the National Hockey League have been awarded to Vancouver and Buffalo, but the question of where to find players of adequate stature to put on major league ice has yet to be solved.

George (Punch) Imlach, former manager and coach of the Toronto Maple Leafs, whose move to Vancouver is anticipated, had an idea, though. In his Toronto *Telegram* column Punch disclosed that he had offered the Russian national hockey team \$300,000 to "rent" its 20 best players to Vancouver from Sept. 15, 1970 to May 15, 1971. The players would split \$200,000; the Soviet sports federation would get \$100,000.

Imlach met in a Montreal hotel room with Andrei Staravostov, chief of the Ministry of Physical Culture's hockey committee and, through an interpreter, put his dollars on the table.

"It was suggested," he explained in his Punchy way, "that the Russians would be as a whole much better than the garbage that would be available to Vancouver in the draft. Also the Russians would be a great drawing card."

The Russians have, of course, dominated international hockey in recent years and have expressed an inclination to meet a few NHL teams in exhibitions if the Soviet eligibility for "amateur" and international competition would not be endangered, a question that must be considered in the Vancouver situation, also.

Another question arises. The Vancouver team was to call itself the "Canucks." Will it now be the Vancouver Russians?

HOUSING THE HOMELESS

When Pete Rozelle, pro football commissioner, ruled that all teams must have stadiums with a minimum of 50,000 seats by next season, it created a problem for the Boston Patriots, who have been playing in Boston College's 25,000-seat Alumni Stadium. The Patriots would dearly like to rent Harvard University's

football field, built in 1907 and the oldest concrete-reinforced stadium in the U.S. Filling in the open end of the horseshoe-shaped structure would bring it up to the Rozelle seating standard.

But Harvard's president, Nathan Pusey, looks down his nose at proposals to let a professional team make regular-season use of Harvard's hallowed turf, though the university has lent it to the Pats for preseason charity games.

Now two Massachusetts legislators have filed a bill empowering the state to take Harvard Stadium by right of eminent domain as a home for the Patriots and, incidentally, the Harvard team. Purpose: to keep the Patriots in Boston rather than forcing them to move to one of such outposts as Seattle, Memphis or Tampa.

To Harold Kase, *Boston Globe* columnist, the proposal is "legislative larceny" and, indeed, the less politicians get their fingers into sport the better we like it. A more sporting way to settle the matter, we suggest, would be to have Harvard play the Patriots on a winner-takes-stadium basis.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

A private in the Green Berets, a YMCA history student, an interior decorator's apprentice and a construction worker would seem to have very little in common. Actually, they are all members of the Chicago Clippers of the International Boxing League, organized by Sports Announcer Jack Drees and associates to develop amateur boxing talent for the Olympics and eventual professional careers. The league, which has Amateur Athletic Union approval, consists of eight teams, divided into two divisions. It plans a midseason all-star card and a postseason championship "fight-off." After two years of amateur operation, according to Drees, the league will turn professional. Team members would then be paid salaries.

The history major is Fred Houpe, a heavyweight, who feels that he can

"make it big in boxing." Tom Moran, a light heavyweight, joined the Berets last summer and is about to report for active duty. His CVO and Golden Gloves record is 16 wins in 19 fights. Floyd Greenshaw, a middleweight, is a former high school wrestler who hopes boxing will permit him to open his own interior decorating shop. And Eddie Murray, construction worker and lightweight, "just likes to fight."

The league alignment:

Western Division: Chicago, St. Louis, Denver and Milwaukee.

Eastern Division: New York, Miami, Detroit and Louisville.

HAT FOR ALL SEASONS

The good luck charm is sacred to many superstitious sports figures, but when Auburn's football team beat Alabama 49 to 26 for the first time in six years Auburn Coach Ralph (Shug) Jordan threw superstition to the winds. What he threw, in fact, was his very personal good luck talisman, an Irish tweed hat.

It was caught by Kathy Owsley, freshman coed, and she has since returned



the hat to Jordan so he can wear it New Year's Eve, when Auburn meets Houston in the Bluebonnet Bowl at the Astrodome. But that was not the only hat Jordan received. Auburn's athletic office was swamped with hats of all sizes, and the coach's secretary, Mrs. Emily Foster, was deluged with offers of hats by telephone, telegraph and mail.

Most of them wanted to know what Jordan's head size might be. Mrs. Foster

continued



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For about 3 dollars a day and a couple of pennies per mile more than it costs to rent a standard Ford sedan or similar car, you can drive away from a Hertz office in something special. In a Shelby Cobra GT 350, a Mustang Mach I, or a Cougar Eliminator. (The only thing special you have to do is be at least 25 years old, and make sure you make a reservation in advance.)

The Shelby Cobra GT 350 is in the rear. It's powered by a Shelby Ford 351 cubic-inch displacement Ram-air V8 engine rated 290 horsepower at 4800 rpm.

The Mustang Mach I, on the left has a 351 cubic-inch displacement Ford V8 engine. It rolls out with competition shocks, springs, and stabilizer bar.

The Cougar Eliminator has a four-barrel carburetor, and a 351 cubic-inch displacement V8 Mercury engine. Its European

heritage includes hood mounted air scoops, racing mirrors, competition hood lock pins, bucket seats, and full European car instrumentation.

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Dan Gurney

Executive Director of the Hertz Sports Car Club.

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Hennessy V.S.O.P. Grande Fine Champagne Cognac. 80 Proof. ©Schaffel & Co., N.Y.



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colorful Christmas,
JVC recommends
especially large
stockings.**

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The important thing to remember is that there are many hours of exciting sports action coming your way in the weeks

ahead, and it's going to take a real JVC stockingful to give you the kind of color viewing pleasure you deserve.

The 7208 gives you a full 102 sq. inches of brilliant color, yet weighs just 40.2 lbs. The 7408 and 7438 both feature 180 sq. in. screens. And in all models you get the kind of breathtaking all-channel reception that has established JVC as the undisputed champion of the color television field.

Write for the name of your

nearest JVC dealer and then ask him about these fine receivers. They're selling so fast he may be temporarily out, but—brace yourself—he's stocking more.

Catching On Fast

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Did you ever see a jogger who didn't look comical? How are you going to get him in shape for his own good, as well as your own?

We have an excellent suggestion — It's the exciting new **Executive Jogger** by **Trim Twist!**

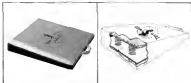
The Executive Jogger will help get him off of his seat and on his feet... and on his way to feeling fit. Its secret, coiled spring action takes the jar out of jogging and helps to prevent shin splints, a leg ailment caused by running on hard surfaces. The wedge-shaped, inclined slant will encourage his best effort.

Executive Jogging can improve his heart and lungs by increasing the amount of stress his circulatory system can handle. It can redistribute his weight and help to lower his blood pressure and pulse rate. And while you're convincing your man, you'd best decide to become his jogging partner. After all, why should he have a head start to better health? So let's get started on your indoor road toward better fitness.

The Executive Jogger

Priced at \$9.95

"just for the health of it!"



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another quality product from TRIM TWIST INC.
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Please send me an Executive Jogger. I enclose \$9.95 plus \$1.00 for postage and handling (total \$10.95).

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Waldech is not generally available. But, if you appreciate beer, it's worth looking for.

Pull this on your best friends.

Pop!

We seal our premium whisky
with a cork. Like vintage wine.

Rare brandy. Old and
honored Scotch.

Because we want you
to know that our smooth,
imported Canadian is a
very special gift.

From the top, down.



CANADIAN QEC.
The one with the cork.

Blended Canadian Whisky • Distilled, taste-tested, bottled and corked in Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada.
6 years old • 86-8 proof © Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



If you're not working with tools coated with TEFLON-S*



you're working much too hard.

The friction-free magic of TEFLON-S means handsaws don't bind, putty knives don't drag, pruning shears don't gum up, snow shovels don't let ice and snow build up and power saw blades last longer and cut cleaner. They all clean up like a snap, and resist rusting.

TEFLON-S lends the same ease to grass clippers, anvil pruners, hedge trimmers, wall scrapers—and who knows what next?

When you see the TEFLON-S Quality Seal on a tool you know that the coating definitely contributes to its performance, and that the coating meets Du Pont's tough standards. You can have confidence in it even before you use it.

Look for the TEFLON-S seal on tools in your hardware store.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. for Du Pont's non-stick finishes.



Better things for better living through chemistry

Craftsmanship lives in Benchmark. Measure your Bourbon against it.

The men who make this Bourbon still think you can do a better job if you care a lot for your craft.

So, they were happy with the name Benchmark. It means, "that which others are measured against".

They think their Bourbon lives up to its name. Taste it and see what you think.



Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. In Photo: Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

SCORECARD *continued*

had a ready answer for all comers. "Same as before the game," she told them. "7½."

OLD LAW, NEW TURN

For many years the National Collegiate Athletic Association has had on its books a rule that states: "A student-athlete may participate as an individual or as a member of a team against professional athletes, but he may not participate on a team known to him, or which reasonably should have been known to him, to be a professional team."

Originally it was intended to prevent college men from playing on the same team with professionals in baseball games. But that problem has been pretty much erased over the years, and the rule has not been very rigorously enforced because there have not been many abuses.

Now the NCAA has been doing some thinking about golf and tennis, especially the former, since the distinction between tennis pros and amateurs has been virtually wiped out.

What enforcement of the rule, which becomes newly effective Dec. 10, will do to pro-am golf is a caution. Harry M. Cross, NCAA president, holds that it is inconsistent with the basic amateur policy of the association for the golf coach of a member college to invite one of his outstanding players to compete with him in a pro-am tournament in which the coach may get paid but the athlete cannot.

"The college athlete," he said, "may compete with the professional golfer or tennis player in any competition provided no member of the team is paid or is competing for money or comparable merchandise."

It will be perfectly legal, then, for two college golfers or tennis players to compete together against two professionals, even if the pros are competing for money. But a college amateur and a pro cannot play on the same side if the pro is competing for money or merchandise, even if the college man isn't. As another example, it would be all right for a college team to play an exhibition against the Harlem Globetrotters but, if the Trotters borrowed a member of the college team for that game, the player would be banned from NCAA-sponsored events. Even worse, if one Trotter played on the college side, all college team members would be barred.

"The NCAA," says Art Bergstrom,

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

its enforcement officer, "does not feel it proper for a professional athlete to make use of a college athlete's skill for the monetary gain of the professional."

WHAT WOODY WANTS WOODY GETS

Before setting out on his fifth visit in five years to U.S. fighting men in Vietnam, Ohio State's arduable Woody Hayes gave a Christmas present to the university—a check for \$1,000.

It was not altogether an unmotivated gift. Woody, convinced that synthetic football fields "make great players greater," earmarked the check for a new AstroTurf or Tartan Turf football field. At his team's football appreciation dinner, two days after it was deflowered at Michigan, the coach pleaded for support for a new field.

"If we get it," he said, "then we'll be playing on equal status with any team we play late in the season." He suggested adding \$1 to the price of football tickets.

Without waiting for a price boost, fans started the money rolling in, and Woody considered getting out of town earlier than his schedule called for. Other OSU departments were beginning to get their noses out of joint because checks were arriving for the field and not for the usual university needs.

METAMORPHOSIS AT CANDLESTICK

The new president of the National League, Chub Feeney, will maintain his offices for a while at Candlestick Park in San Francisco. This will make it convenient for him to see every Giant game in the fashion he loves best—from the radio booth.

That might not be in conflict with his new job, but Feeney must now temper what he says after games. In the past, when the Giants lost a game or a close decision, he has exploded at umpires like a good general manager should. He has alluded to their myopia, ancestry and dubious IQs. But now the men in blue are his umpires. At Candlestick Park it will be the old desk and the old ballgame, but a brand new Feeney.

DR. PALOOKA

In view of the dim appreciation of boxing shown by some doctors, it is a pleasure to report that one of the leading heavyweights in Edmonton, Alberta is Dr. Adrian Hohart, surgeon, 188 pounds. Dr. Hohart, *Medical World*

continued



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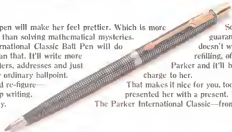
But the Parker International Classic Ball Pen will do even more for her than that. It'll write more numbers, checks, letters, addresses and just plain words than any ordinary ballpoint.

So she can figure and re-figure—and her pen will keep writing. And writing flawlessly.

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News reports began hoving as a boy in England and has continued the sport since moving to Canada in 1965. Now 34, he won a Golden Gloves title last March. Those who wonder that a surgeon would risk injuring his hands in the ring get this reply: "Some of the best surgeons I've ever seen have hands like a bunch of bananas."

UPI, DUCK!

Few areas of sport are subject to more dissonance than All-America selections and attempts to decide which football team is No. 1. So then the UPI All-America listed Tommy Wade, Alabama defensive back, as worthy of honorable mention. Because of a broken leg sustained in preseason practice, Wade missed the entire season. His only appearance on the field was to carry the sideline chain during practice.

HAPPY DEATH

Walking out to his first-base position one day last week, Lee Morrison, 83, succumbed to a heart attack. He had batted .574 for the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Kids and Cubs last year and during the 1967 season hit 15 home runs. Prime qualification for making the team, he 75 years old or older.

CULTURAL NOTE

Now, when a visiting hockey official calls a decision against Cornell's Big Red team, Cornell students register disapproval with a new cheer. It goes like this: "Elevator, elevator, We got the shaft!"

THEY SAID IT

- Cal Riemcke, Whitworth College (Wash.) basketball coach, getting ready for his first season after a successful coaching career at College of Marin in California, on his new team: "I gave them a written test which indicated they were good with their hands, so I had them repaint the inside of Graves Gym."
- Mike Ditka, Dallas Cowboys tight end, asked about his mean reputation: "I'm not mean at all, I just try to protect myself, and you'll notice I don't ever pick on anybody who has a number above 30."
- Chip Kell, Tennessee's All-America guard, asked how his wife of one year felt about his being named runner-up to Quarterback Bobby Scott as "The Ugliest Man on Campus": "She probably felt like I should've won."

END

The Minolta SR-T 101 35-mm single lens reflex isn't a regular camera kind of camera. It's a system with a full range of accessories and interchangeable lenses from wide angle to telephoto. (The telephoto lens shown is optional at under \$200.) The camera part of the system lets you

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(A significant sidelight to Dickens' *Christmas Carol* from the MONEY file of frustrating cases)

MONEY MAN: But Mr. Scrooge, you do realize what a disastrous effect Marley's death would have on your business?

SCROOGE: Indeed it would. But why should he die? I work him 16 hours a day. Keeps him out of trouble.

MONEY MAN: That's very good of you, I'm sure. But the unexpected can happen even to the hard-working. And with a MONEY key man policy . . .

SCROOGE: For which, no doubt, I'd pay heavy premiums.

MONEY MAN: Far less than you might think. And consider all the advantages. Ready cash to offset any losses while finding a suitable replacement. Or to

redeem stock. Or to assure the credit stability of your firm.

SCROOGE: The good name of lovable Ebenezer Scrooge is enough to get credit anywhere. Anyway, didn't I tell you nothing would happen to Marley? So, as for your MONEY key man policy, let me repeat—bah! humbug!

Ed. Note: It is our contention that had Ebenezer Scrooge taken out the MONEY key man policy and not suffered business losses on Marley's death, he might have mellowed with age instead of becoming an increasingly crotchety old buzzard. Which, ordinarily, would bring us to the moral that follows. But first, may we at MONEY wish you all a Merry Christmas and, in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one!"

MORAL:

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TEXAS BY AN EYELASH

For most of the game, the Longhorns looked like No. 101 to Arkansas' No. 1, but in the fourth quarter James Street rallied his teammates to a 15-14 victory and the right to be called the best in the nation **by DAN JENKINS**

All week long in Texas the people had said the Hogs ain't nuthin' but groceries and that on Saturday, in the thundering zoo of Fayetteville, the No. 1 Longhorns would eat—to quote the most horrendous pun ever thought of by some Lone Star wit—"Hog meat with Wooster-Speyer sauce."

This is not exactly what Darrell Royal's team dined on up there in those maddening Ozark hills, of course. What Texas had was one hell of a hard time winning the national championship 15-14 from a quicker, more alert Arkansas team that for three quarters made the Longhorns look like your everyday, common, ordinary whip dog Baylor or Rice.

Texas fans, buoyed by the knowledge that their team had buried all six of its common opponents by much fatter scores than the Razorbacks had, and flaunting dozens of those wonderful statistics, had forgotten what this game always is, which is close and psychotic. They strolled around like Ohio State enthusiasts before the Michigan debacle, an event which made this spectacular possible, uttering absurdities like "42 to 7 and bring on Notre Dame." Terrific, just terrific.

"We're beginning to develop some difficult fans," said Royal. "They don't understand that there's no such person as King Kong, and that when you start thinking there is, you can get ready to wipe your bloody nose."

For three quarters, as probably 30 million viewers must have seen on television, Arkansas did practically all of the bloodying. Bill Montgomery, a marvelous quarterback most of the day, passed and ran the Longhorns into a state of shock and his own team and fans into their loudest afternoon of any year ever. A furious Arkansas defense swarmed on Texas to cause four fumbles and two interceptions while Montgomery and his roommate-end, Chuck Dicus, combined to bedazzle their visitors for 14 points and what seemed like the safest lead since Orval Faubus rode in a motorcade.

Watching the emotional Razorbacks bounce Texas around on its AstroTurf for 45 minutes—blasting out those fumbles and picking off those interceptions with their hard hitting—one could think only of Royal's sober warnings of the day before.

"They're gonna come after us with their eyes pulled up like BBs," Darrell said. "And they'll be defending every foot as if Frank Broyles has told 'em there's a 350-foot drop just behind 'em into a pile of rocks. If you believe that, you're pretty hard to move around."

Arkansas was certainly that. Until the first play of the fourth quarter, the closest Texas had driven was to the Arkansas 31-yard line, and most of the time it hadn't been able to get across midfield. The Razorbacks were doing exactly what Broyles had said they had to

do—stay put and don't miss tackles—against the second-best rushing team, statistically, at least, that ever played college football.

Meanwhile, Montgomery, so cool and clever he even impressed that former second-string tackle from Whittier, Richard Nixon, was hurling a 21-yard pass to John Rees to set up a touchdown in the first quarter and a 29-yard touchdown to Dicus early in the third quarter to suggest that this might be dear old Ann Arbor all over again.

Unlike Ohio State, however, Texas had been behind 14-0 before against a team, Oklahoma, which on that October day, at least, was higher than your usual astronaut collecting gray rocks. Just as Arkansas was last Saturday until the fourth quarter when Texas' little quarterback, James Street, finally got himself and his gang going. Street is not an especially good passer, and he has never been compared to O.J. Simpson or even Jim Bertelsen in the open field, but James Street is a winner. He had never lost a football game in 18 straight since becoming the Texas quarterback in the third game of last year. And now he was

continued

At fourth and three from his own 42, and with less than five minutes remaining, Steve Street completed a daring 44-yard pass to Tight End Randy Peach to set up the winning score.





about to make it 19 straight—somehow, somehow, in the midst of all of that chaos in the Ozarks.

Let us talk now of the comeback, for that is all there is left that is important about this centennial year of the sport. The season-long battle for No. 1 had shrunk to the last 15 minutes of the last game, and the question of whether Texas, thoroughly bothered and bewildered, could find a way out of its clamps.

Upstairs in the world's most crowded little press box, where the President had moved at half-time to chat with Bud Wilkinson and Chris Schenkel, a very miserable man stood holding hands, for luck, with a pretty girl. He was Jones Ramsey, the Texas publicity man, and she was Barbara Specht, the Centennial Queen.

"I hate to be partial," said the queen, who goes to Texas Tech, "but after all I am a Texan."

And Ramsey said, "I'm a coward and I believe in jinxes, but maybe Street doesn't."

About this time, on second down and nine from the Arkansas 42, Street, who bears the nickname of Slick because of his good looks, his flashy clothes and, more important to Royal, his ball handling, dropped back to pass. Then, seeing his receivers covered, Street darted through the line, flashed into the Arkansas secondary (see cover), slipped past tacklers and sped on an angle across the field, running for either the goal line or the presidential helicopter. No one was about to catch him. It was the first daylight Texas had seen and Street took advantage of it for the touchdown.

Street also went for two points on the conversion, which wasn't so surprising. When you're No. 1 you have to try to stay that way, and a tie would have put Arkansas in the Cotton Bowl against the Irish and probably blown the national title for either. So Slick Street ran an option to his left and barged in. It was 14-8, and suddenly this was the Texas-Arkansas game we all know and love.

"I was gonna throw the hook," Street said later of his touchdown run. "But their linebacker fogged my eyes. I

couldn't see any receivers, so I decided I'd better run. Sure glad."

Having displayed what people call his so-so-running ability to the utmost, Street would soon get an opportunity to display his so-so-passing ability and, in fact, win the game good and proper. That, however, took a decision by Arkansas that the Hogs may ponder long and hard. It quite possibly cost Arkansas the game.

Although Street's run had put Texas back in the game, Arkansas stormed right back and, with Montgomery hitting three passes, the Razorbacks moved 73 yards to the Texas seven-yard line. Here it was, third down with only 10 minutes left to play, and just about everybody in Arkansas and Texas knew that the signal to Montgomery from Arkansas' Offensive Coach Don Breaux would be to run the middle and take the field goal. That would make it 17-8, a margin too great to overcome.

But Arkansas didn't take the three points. Montgomery, under a rush, threw short and badly into the end zone for Drew, who looked open, and up came Danny Lester to intercept. Texas was alive.

The Longhorns moved but couldn't score on that resulting drive because of still another fumble, but when they got the ball again after a punt on their own 36, they did. On the first three plays of the drive, Steve Worster, who tore out 94 yards for the day, got only six yards, and Ted Koy, already the victim of two fumbles, got one. It was fourth and three at Texas' own 43—with less than five minutes to play.

From the sidelines Royal gave Street the play, although he doesn't know why.

"In a case like that, you just suck it up and pick a number," he said. "There's no logic to it. Just a hunch."

It was a bomb, which Street isn't supposed to throw well or complete unless Cotton Speyrer outlives somebody for the ball. But it wasn't Speyrer, just as it wasn't Worster in the middle. No Worster-Speyrer sauce, in other words. It was a 44-yard spiral to the tight end, Randy Peschel, the only receiver Texas sent out, who had gone streaking down the sideline, right past the Texas bench and just a step ahead of his double coverage. Although the pass was perfect, Street said Peschel "only made the greatest catch in the history of football." Well, it was a good one, to say the least. The

play put Texas on Arkansas' 13-yard line, and there could be little doubt then that the powerful rushing team would punch it in. Two plays did it.

Ted Koy made up for both of his fumbles when he crashed for 11 yards to the Arkansas two on the first play, and then Jim Bertelsen drove in for the tying touchdown with 3:58 on the clock. Happy Feller's placement provided the winning margin.

There was still plenty of time for Arkansas, of course, and Bill Montgomery proceeded to hit four more thrilling passes and move the Razorbacks to the Texas 39. But there, with 1:13 to play, he floated one out in the right flat, and Tom Campbell, the son of Texas' defensive Coach Mike Campbell, outgrabbed John Rees for it and the Longhorns were ready to meet the President.

It had been quite a football game, but for Fayetteville, Ark. it was merely the climax of a week-long metamorphosis—from the nation's No. 2 chicken producer to its sports capital. Still, the kickoff came none too soon for the city's economy was beginning to suffer. "I'd be selling a suit to someone," the manager of a men's store said on Wednesday, and we'd start talking about the game and I'd lose a sale. You wake up in the morning and your first thought is 'How many days to go?'"

The mania grew as the week progressed. Hog fever, they called it. Its symbol was Arkansas' mascot, the ugliest razorback hog in creation. Poster likenesses, with various exhortations to Hog supremacy, appeared in 80% of the town's store fronts. Then a large sign sprouted at the First Baptist Church: ATTENTION DARRALL ROYAL—DO NOT CAST YOUR STEERS BEFORE SWINE.

"God should be kept neutral," Royal said.

"He ought to know this is the Lord's home state," replied Andrew Hall, First Baptist pastor. "Whoever heard of the Garden of Eden in Texas?"

By midweek local newspapers were mere sheets of cartoon ads showing galloping Hogs and moribund Texas Steers. "Go Hogs go—with your regular game plan," one ad read. "May the Steers rest in peace with our perpetual care plan. Luts 580 and up. Forest Park Cemetery."

Fayetteville has always been Hog wild. Texas has seven SWC teams, but the Razorbacks are an only child.

Arkansas gained the upper hand on Texas when it recovered a fumble early in the game and then kept the Longhorns on the defensive with its passing combination of Montgomery to Drew.

continued

"I feel about this game the way I did on my wedding day," a plumber said. "I know what's gonna happen, but still I'm anxious how it's gonna turn out. God, if we get beat I don't know what I'll do." The weekly Rotary meeting was nothing but a rally for middle-aged and elderly men. It opened with a radio broadcast of *Short Squashed Texan*, a blaring country tune exhumed for the game. Arkansas radio stations played it about 47 times daily between Monday and Thursday, then stepped up the frequency. "I'm a short squashed Texan," one stanza goes. "I had the No. 1 crown. Now people look at me and say, 'That big red pig he put you down.'"

Four Razorback cheerleaders then took the floor to call the hogs. Whoooooo pigs soooooo, they screeched three times, with an encore, of course. Then Arkansas' oldest ex-player, 91-year-old Will Thomas, got up to remembrance. Thomas quarterbacked Arkansas in 1901. The big game that year, with LSU, drew 50 spectators. Now one would have been hard pressed to find that many in this town of 30,000 who weren't wearing at least some sort of GO HOGS badge.

Even elderly ladies and farmers in overalls wore them. "These old country folks always thought football was a waste of time," a barber said. "Now that's all they talk about. I bet Maw'n Paw Kettle'll be here by Friday."

Richard Nixon, of course, was a shoo-in, and little old Fayetteville was agog at its first presidential visit in history. "I've never seen such tension in the air," a waitress said. "Imagine, almost anyone I wait on could be a Secret Service man. I just hope I get frisked." Every hour there was some new rumor, and excitement grew. Billy Graham to say the invocation? Man, this is the Bible Belt. "Well, we Catholics want the Pope," someone said.

"LBJ's comin', did ya hear?"

"Glen Campbell, Buck Owens, John Wayne, too."

"Nixon?" said a grinning cab driver. "As far as I'm concerned that's the biggest thing since Johnny Cash came last year." An hour later the arrival of Cash, himself, was rumored imminent. "Beat Texas—First Baptist Church," the church secretary answered her phone. "Beat Texas—long distance," the operators greeted callers all over the state. Texas favored? From the talk, all over

town, Arkansas had all but won. They had, if wishing could make it so. Jinx the Hogs with praise? "Why, Texas hasn't got a chance."

Celebrities aside though, football was the cause of it all. "If I got moved nine-fourth of an inch closer to the end zone 'cause of Nixon," a salesman warned, "I'll vote Democrat the rest of my life."

The atmosphere on both campuses had been, of course, frenetic all week. Texas-Arkansas games always are, inasmuch as they had won or shared the Southwest Conference championship eight out of the last 10 seasons and had each won a national title. But the fact that the game had been moved by Darrell and Frank to this date—at the suggestion last March of ABC-TV's Roone Arledge—turned the affair into something more, almost, than ordinary folks could stand. It took on such aspects that it became what Duffy Daugherty had called the 1966 Michigan State-Notre Dame game: "It's not a matter of life and death. It's more important than that."

The signs and banners came out early in the hills of Arkansas and in the hill country around Austin. Arkansas is a curious state, one that saw part of its people in support of the Union, and a state that had elected a Fulbright and a Rockefeller at the same time that it voted for a Wallace. Figure that out. What brings it all together, however, is football—Frank Broyles' Razorback football. And so out came the funny and fanatic slogans for this grandest week in the state's history. They said such things as WE'LL WIN FOR YOU MR. PRESIDENT—GAS 28¢, BEAT TEXAS, BYRD IS STERILE, BEAT NOIRI DAME, HOGS SNOW STEERS AND SKI NUMBER 1. And all that.

As early as the morning before the game, on Friday, instant traffic jams developed around the campus and along the roads with students just driving around, honking and hollering. They waved beer cans and Confederate flags, their roadsters painted red and white, their hands uplified in signs that in more enlightened areas have come to mean peace and love.

When Royal was driving with a friend back to Rogers, Ark., after Friday's brief workout in the Razorback Stadium and saw carloads of Arkansas fans sooty-pigg and holding up two fingers, he said, "They don't know that means peace. A lot of things haven't gotten up here yet."

A Texan rooster signaled "Hog's on March!" and Fayetteville countered with banners on Dickson Street, while during the game at least one spectator was a model of neutrality.

Royal himself was totally amazed at the excitement around his own campus earlier. The University of Texas is a vast place with an enrollment of 35,000, and it is becoming sort of a Berkeley in a lot of ways. But more than half of them turned out for a Wednesday pep rally in Memorial Stadium at which the squad members and coaches were loaded into convertibles and driven around the track while the crowd roared for its No. 1 team and the big band played *The Eyes of Texas* over and over.

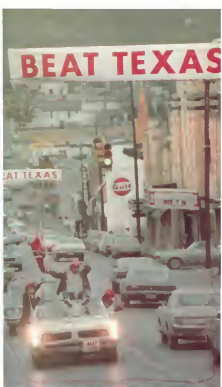
Compounding the madness, of course, was the President's visit. Among other things this meant that Arkansas had to scare up some room in its picturesque if rickety old stadium that would sway with only 44,000. Fifty White House press-corps members had to have seats, each supplied with a telephone.

And the President and his party had to have 40 good ones. Arkansas fans volunteered them and took terrible tradeout seats in return, getting 14 from Royal, who said none of the Texas allotment was worth a damn anyway. Only 5,000 seats were given to Texas, and only 600 of those were for students, 288 of which would be for the Longhorn Band. This meant that for the biggest game in the Southwest in 34 years, or since the TCU-SMU game of 1935 which was played under more or less the same circumstances, only 312 actual real-life students out of the total enrollment at Austin could attend.

"It's just as well I'm not going," a Texas crowd had said. "Arkansas is a lucky place. All they do is sell jelly and cider by the side of the road."

Darrell Royal had known better than that, if his Texas fans didn't. And he knew at the end that Arkansas played a little football, too, and had been just as good a team and had even outlast his Steers for most of the cold, dark afternoon. But he also knew that his Longhorns, laboring under as much duress as any No. 1 team ever had in such bizarre circumstances—with time running out, with a President watching, on alien ground, with very few friends about—had somehow survived.

END



NEW YORK ON THE MOVE—AGAIN

Not yet surfeited in this remarkable sporting year, Fun City's fans are clamoring for a new champion in hockey, too—and have a dark horse contender in the surprising Rangers

by GARY RONBERG



For hockey's mid-line teams it was the biggest week of the season and for the fans an unmistakable and refreshing signal that the times they are a-changing. It was the first week in which the last teams tested one another with few distractions from the expansion clubs; and, when it ended, these things could be said:

- The champion Montreal Canadiens, still the class of the league, are hurting and finding it increasingly difficult to get "up" for every game—against teams invariably up for them—and perhaps can betaken; they are most unlikely to breeze out ahead.

- The contending Boston Bruins have abruptly changed their style. Bleeding a little too freely from the sword they lived by, they have mended their manners a good deal and are playing first-rate hockey.

- Despite a rough week the Chicago Black Hawks can again be a powerful force in the race—and they, too, have an entirely new look. Suddenly they have defense, youth and Bobby Hull, too.

- The New York Rangers have fulfilled their preseason promise and are turning over their share of the fans in Jets-Mets-Knicksville.

Of all the week's lessons probably the happiest was that New York was wholehearted in the race. Never in December had Madison Square Garden fans been so agreeably embarrassed, being obliged to admire both the Knicks and the Rangers. Gone was the feeling that the Rangers would melt away, as in the past, at the first whiff of adversity. Inspired by youngsters like Walt Tkaczuk (pronounced tay-chuck) and Brad Park, both second-year men, rookies Billy Fairbairn and Jimmish-born Julia Wadling, steadied along by veteran performers like Goalie Eddie Giacomin and forwards Jean Ratelle and Vic Hadfield, the Rangers had taken first place in the East on Nov. 8. They hadn't got there by any break in the schedule, either; if anything, their early-season route was slightly rockier than the Canadiens'.

That these new Rangers can tough it out in a way the old Rangers never could was evident on Wednesday night when the Black Hawks came to town, Chicago

got two quick goals from Bobby Hull (making his first New York appearance of the year after ending that holdout) and his brother Dennis. In the second period the Rangers swarmed in on the Hawks' young goalie, Tony Esposito, but for many minutes could not crack him. And then in less than three minutes they turned the game around. Hadfield found himself at goalmouth with the puck on his stick—and a tiny space between Esposito's right kneepad and the goalpost. It was space enough for Vic.

A mere minute and 19 seconds later Billy Fairbairn pucked up a rebound 20 feet from Esposito and laced it past him. With the score tied and the capacity crowd of 17,250 in happy hysterics, Ratelle led a rush and poked one past Esposito from in close. Flapjacked time between goals No. 1 and No. 3: two minutes 36 seconds.

In the third period the Rangers were tied but by no means humiliated, for to even it up 3-3 Bobby Hull had to put on one of his muscle-beach acts. Rambling behind the New York net with the puck, he outwrestled one Ranger, a second Ranger, a third Ranger and still had enough strength and presence to flip the disk out to Chico Maki, who fired it past Giacomin.

What really mattered in New York was that novel ability to score in bursts. "They can score on you so fast it's too fast," said Montreal Coach Claude Ruel. "New York's strength," said Oakland's Fred Glover, "goes beyond those young players. They have 'em, all right, but they also have the kind of old heads who respond to the youngsters."

"If you want to stay around," said 37-year-old Donnie Marshall, an honest workman who has been around playing center in New York and Montreal for 15 years, "you really don't have much choice. A few years ago the coach might come up to you and say, hey, you'd better get off your can and start playing or we'll replace you. Well, down deep inside you knew there wasn't anything to it because they didn't have anybody to replace you with. It's not that way anymore."

Of the 15 regular players Emile Francis inherited when he took over as general manager in October, 1964, only five remain. Under Francis the team has gradually become so much bigger, stronger, faster and deeper that the old-

er fans cannot quite believe what they are seeing. And it takes a fan with some age on him to have experienced New York's last pennant: that was in 1942.

Tkaczuk and Fairbairn skate with Dave Balon on what is, at the moment, the strongest goal-scoring line in the NHL, while the Ratelle-Hadfield-Rod Gilbert line—last year's best New York combination—is beginning to accelerate after a slow start. Park, the chunky, scrappy defenseman, is already a superstar in the eyes of his excitable admirers, and Giacomin is a calm, resourceful man in goal. "I have never seen Giacomin play a bad game," said Leo Bonin, Minnesota's veteran defenseman. "And I'm amazed at what he can do with the puck to help his team. Make a shot on Eddie and he'll do more than just make the save. He'll shoot it right back out like a defenseman."

The ultimate credit for New York's rise, however, must go to Francis, who says, "The secret about being competitive is being competitive within your own organization; it's as simple as that. You've got to keep everybody—players, coaches, scouts—just a little bit scared to let down. When you finally get that, you've got yourself an organization that won't let down anywhere, level of all on the ice. A few years ago some of the top clubs didn't even have the courtesy to return our telephone calls. They figured, what does New York have that we want, anyhow? Well, let me tell you, now they always call back."

Bell Telephone's stock was climbing Sunday night as New York poured it on Montreal 6-3 in the Garden to take a four-point lead over the Canadiens in the East standings and extend its undefeated streak to 13 games. In their glee the Ranger partisans were not particularly concerned that Montreal was minus some vital men. Jean Beliveau and Claude Provost were injured, Jacques Laperriere and the top cop, John Ferguson, temporarily suspended—or that the Rangers faced back-to-back games in midweek with Boston, which had pulled even with Montreal in second place. The Rangers were moving; the touch was still there, including two beautiful goals in 48 seconds to break a 2-2 third-period deadlock.

When it was over Francis told newsmen, "I have only one quote for you guys: 'How sweet it is.'"

Old Ranger Donnie Marshall fights a squeeze play by Black Hawk's Hull and Magnusson.

THE DANES SCOURGE THE SEAS

Everything is fresh and fragrant in Denmark, but something rotten is going on in the waters off Greenland, where Danes are decimating vast schools of migratory Atlantic salmon by **CLIVE GAMMON**

A mud-spattered station wagon with fishing gear plainly visible inside stands parked on a street in Aberdeen, Scotland. It has a sticker pasted to the rear window reading DON'T BUY DANISH BACON IN VIRULENT RED CAPITALS.

The car belongs to Reg Righini, an Englishman of Italian descent who is rated by many as Britain's finest salmon angler. He lives beside his private stretch of the River Lune. By mid-September of this year he had not caught a single salmon.

Another Englishman, Gerry Fane, is lucky enough to spend three weeks each summer on the magnificent Namsen River in Norway. In 20 years of fishing, the average size of the salmon he caught never dropped below 18 pounds. This year, from a total catch of 62 fish, only five were better than five pounds in weight. Thirty-seven of his salmon had broken dorsal fins and other signs of net injuries.

In Canada in 1967, 34% fewer salmon were caught in Atlantic-flowing rivers than the year before. In London, at Billingsgate Fish Market, 40 tons of salmon were offered for sale in February and March of this year. In 1963 the equivalent figure was 105 tons.

The evidence is fragmentary, the facts hard to assemble. But there is now no doubt in the minds of anglers and fishery experts on both sides of the Atlantic that by the deliberate policy of its government, and in spite of almost universal condemnation, the civilized and progressive nation of Denmark is destroying *Salmo salar*, the Atlantic salmon, one of the great sport fishes of the world.

My investigation of the assault on the salmon began on a bitter October morning in West Greenland. Against ominous,

isolated snowflakes drifting out of the gray overcast, the red-and-white flag of Denmark fluttered in the wind. The street market was open in the capital, Godthaab (pop. 5,000). Great pop-eyed cod, caught between the icebergs a few hours earlier, lay in the stalls, and an Eskimo was bloodily hacking a reindeer into quarters for his sales display. Five hundred yards away, up a rough road cut out of dusty gray rock, one could buy elaborate hi-fi equipment and fine German and Japanese cameras from a brightly lit store that would not be out of place among the shops of the Radhusplads in downtown Copenhagen.

Godthaab is not a frontier town, though it has the makeshift appearance of one. In Greenland no frontiers have been achieved. There are only tenuously held beachheads on the western and southwestern coasts, where the North Atlantic drift holds the pack ice back and the fjords and harbors stay unfrozen in the summertime. The beachheads are sometimes hundreds of miles apart, and no roads link them across impassable wastes of mountain and glacier. Until five years ago the only travel was by sea. Now a helicopter flies when the uncertain Greenland weather allows.

In the ramshackle single-story hotel in Godthaab and in Sukkertoppen, a hundred miles to the north, it is possible to order Chateaubriand and French wine. Naturally they are not cheap; everything is imported, even vegetables. This does not worry the locals, though. The Danish administrators of Greenland live tax-free, and for five years now the native Eskimos also have had plenty of money to spend.

The money comes from the slaughter of thousands of tons of salmon. Eskimo fishermen, who made a meager liv-



ing by catching cod before the salmon kill started in 1964, now earn as much as \$12,000 in the three-month netting season between September and November, according to Holten Moller, who is chief trade inspector in Godthaab for the Royal Greenland Trading Company.

For two hundred years European and American scientists had been trying to solve one of the sea's great mysteries: the migration route of the Atlantic salmon. Every year the great leaping fish returned to their native rivers, fighting upstream against multiple hazards to spawn in the hill streams. After two or three years of river life the red-speckled salmon parr that had hatched out from the eggs took on a bright silver coloration and, as salmon smolts, dropped downstream to the sea. And there, once they had left the inshore waters, they disappeared from human knowledge.

There were plenty of theories. Maybe

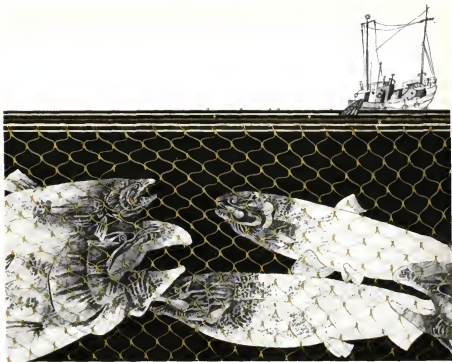


ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN LOMER

they browsed on the slopes of the continental shelves. Maybe they ranged the North Atlantic in pursuit of the herring shoals. But nobody really knew.

The first indication that the mystery might have been solved came from *The Field* magazine of London, which early in 1965 reported that very large quantities of frozen Atlantic salmon were reaching European markets from Greenland. The implications were swiftly realized. In Greenland itself there is only one minor salmon river, quite incapable of producing this kind of tonnage. In some way the salmon's migration route had been discovered and was being heavily exploited.

Documentary evidence has now shown that a few salmon had been taken in set nets staked out from the Greenland shore from the 18th century on. But the sudden explosion of this fishery in the early 1960s has not yet been accounted

for. Possibly some unexplained change in the feeding habits of the salmon brought greater quantities of them within range of the shore nets. More probably, until modern freezing techniques were available there was no point in exploiting the fishery. Without freezing and fast transport, salmon were worth little compared with cod. In Europe there has been a market for salt cod since the Middle Ages.

Whatever the reason, in 1964 the explosion started. In that year 1,539 metric tons of salmon were taken in the Greenland nets, compared with 127 tons in 1961. Put alongside the annual catch of Pacific salmon, this does not seem much. But the annual catch of Atlantic salmon is less than 15,000 tons.

After 1964 the Greenland catches remained high, except in 1968, when drifting ice from the south hindered the netting and cut the catch down to 1,200

tons—some 400 tons less than 1967. And by then, also, the Greenlanders had competition, for the catches had not gone unnoticed by the sovereign power, Denmark. As early as 1965 a couple of boats from the Faroe Islands—closely associated with Denmark, though enjoying a titular independence—turned up in Davis Strait, which divides Greenland from Canada. They, with the Norwegians, took a share of fish, but in 1967 the real experts arrived, tough Danish fishermen who brought their tiny 30-ton boats all the way up from Bornholm Island in the Baltic. Danes and Faroese took more than 400 tons of salmon last year, when they were joined by Swedish boats.

No figures are yet available for the 1969 season, but it looks like it was a boom year for the nets. Møller told me in Godthaab that local netmen there had already landed 133 tons of salmon by the end of September, compared with

continued

44 tons at the same point in 1963.

The salmon-producing countries reacted swiftly to the news from Greenland. By the fall of 1965 separate teams of British and Canadian scientists were operating in Greenland waters, and they were able to confirm very quickly what had been suspected from the beginning. The Eskimos and the drift netters were harvesting immature fish. More than 95% of the salmon they caught had spent only two summers at sea. They weighed about seven pounds, and they were still feeding heavily on sand eels and capelin. This clearly meant that the Greenland figures had to be examined in a new light; they represented a far greater potential tonnage of mature fish that would not return to the rivers.

The other thing that had to be proved was just where these salmon had come from. This didn't take long either. Fish tagged as smolts when they left British, Irish, Canadian and U.S. rivers to begin their sea journey were recorded in the Greenland catch. Most of them came from Canada, but some 15% had been spawned in the rivers of Maine, rivers that were just beginning to be nursed back into production after the Atlantic salmon had almost become extinct in U.S. waters.

However, as the Danes have been swift to point out, tag recoveries have not been high. Out of 100,000 smolts tagged leaving British rivers, only 80 tags have been returned in Greenland. There is good reason to believe that many tags are not reported.

In Sukkertoppen this fall, the European trade inspector told me that there would be no difficulty in arranging for me to go out with Eskimo-salmon fishermen to haul nets. But postponement succeeded apologetic postponement. The men, fully aware that their new prosperity was under attack by foreigners, weren't going to have me on board at any price. Hostile groups formed when I went down to the quay to photograph the salmon boats leaving harbor. One doesn't have to be cynical, in such circumstances, to doubt that the Eskimos return all the tags they find.

The Canadian and British scientists who for the past four years have been working in the freezing seas off West Greenland recognize this. What they are now trying to do is to catch salmon in the same waters as do the men and to flag them in the sure hope that anglers and commercial fishermen in the

salmon-producing countries will return tags from mature fish.

The difficulty is that net-caught salmon rarely survive the experience, since they shed their scales so easily. Arthur Swain, the leader of the British team, told me in October that racial differences between salmon originating in different countries were being investigated as a surer means of determining the origins of salmon caught off Greenland.

It is the kind of minute investigation that in ordinary times would stay buried in Ph.D. theses, of interest only to a tiny minority of scholars. But the survival of the Atlantic salmon may depend upon the remorseless piling up of proof of where the Greenland salmon come from.

The only important salmon-producing country that seemed to remain unharmed by Danish netting was Norway. But the reprieve lasted only until 1967. In that year another high-seas feeding ground of the Atlantic salmon was discovered off the coast of northern Norway, well outside territorial limits. There also the Danes moved in. Last year 23 Danish, 16 Swedish, one Faroese and several Norwegian fishing boats were operating on the Norway grounds. They caught more than 160 tons, a large percentage of the Norwegian spawning stock. Now the great rivers of Norway—the Namsen, the Alta, the Driva—were being threatened in the same way as were those of Scotland and Canada.

Last year yet another point of high-seas ambush was discovered and exploited by the assiduous Danes, when they intercepted the sea journey of the salmon off the Faroes. No figures have yet been published for this new fishery, but

Scottish and Swedish-tagged salmon have been recovered.

Nations have gone to war over salmon, or very nearly so. One cause of the 1904 Russo-Japanese War was the desire of the Japanese to move in on the rich, salmon-bearing waters off Siberia. When they won the war this is just what they did. No one has yet suggested, except maybe late at night in Scottish fishing pubs, that the salmon-producing countries should declare war on Denmark. But this much is sure: the international reputation of Denmark is at its lowest point since the Viking ancestors of the present Danes looted their way around Western Europe putting cities and cathedrals to fire and sword.

This year has seen two broadly mounted attempts to bring international pressure on Denmark, after she had declined an invitation to attend an informal conference in London last April.

At a meeting of the North-East Atlantic Fisheries Commission that followed a month later in London, a U.K. proposal for a ban on high-seas salmon fishing in the Atlantic received the required two-thirds majority, only Denmark, West Germany and Sweden voting against. The following month the International Commission for North-west Atlantic Fisheries met in Warsaw. This time Canada proposed the high-seas ban, and once again a two-thirds majority was achieved. Only Denmark and West Germany voted against.

The cheers that greeted these decisions were premature. Because of their milk-and-water regulations, neither body can impose its decisions on objecting member states, and the Danes have officially rejected the resolution.

continued



SHADED AREA SHOWS MAIN NETTING GROUNDS OFF GREENLAND

Meet the man who made bourbon worth wrapping up in a Holiday decanter.

Almost a hundred years ago,
Mr. I. W. Harper took his honest bourbon—
but with manners, and
wrapped it in a handsome
Holiday decanter. He gave
it as a gift to a few
special friends, and ever
since then his decanters
have been a Christmas
tradition. This year
I.W. Harper mellow Gold
Medal and Bottled in
Bond bourbons
both come in their
own classic
crystal-cut decan-
ters and Holiday
cartons.



Why not start a tradition of
your own by putting Mr. Harper's
bourbon on your gift list?
And don't forget yourself.



Mr. Harper's gift de-
canters and regular
bottles come in ele-
gant cartons—another
reason why his bour-
bon is hard to give,
and to receive.

Daylight. Office light. Evening light. Now she can make up in the one she's going to be seen in.

All the time she spends putting on makeup can be a waste if she doesn't put it on in the right light.

Because different light does different things to color, and thus to the way she looks.

Which is why Clairol invented the only True-to-Light® mirror.

It has three different light

settings which cover every situation she's likely to be in. (Daylight simulates the natural light you find outdoors. Office light approximates fluorescent lighting. Evening light is like the soft light of theatres, restaurants, and your home).

So she can correct in advance for what the light she's

about to be in is about to do to her face. (It also has a magnifying side, so she can see things close up).

With the True-to-Light mirror, all she does is turn the dial and she can see how she's going to look.

It makes a big difference.



**The True-to-Light Mirror. From Clairol, the Beauty People.
Give it for Christmas.**

The Germans, the Swedes and the Danes are Baltic, not Atlantic, oriented. All three fish salmon commercially in the small, easily controlled Baltic Sea. The fear, certainly, of Sweden and Germany is that an Atlantic ban might make a precedent for a similar ban in the Baltic. Germany, like Denmark, produces no Atlantic salmon. As a bitter British fishery expert said recently, both countries are in the happy position of milking a cow they neither own nor feed.

Through last summer and fall, as it began to be realized that Denmark was refusing to accept the decisions of the international fishery bodies, anger grew, in Canada and Britain especially. Britain imports a considerable amount of Danish butter and pork products, and there was a strong outcry for a boycott of these goods. *The Field*, which had continued to document the growth of the high-seas fishing, was accused of pussyfooting because it wouldn't sponsor a public boycott campaign, believing, it said, that such matters should be settled in friendship between reasonable people.

But if *The Field* took this tone, other British publications did not. The outcry became so great that in July, Erling Kristiansen, the Danish ambassador in London, issued a long defensive statement that attempted to blame the sudden decline in salmon stocks on any cause but the high-seas netting. His Excellency, of course, was not the author of the statement. It had been prepared for him by the Danish Ministry of Fisheries, which had sent the Danish delegation to London and Warsaw.

The arguments were identical with the ones that were put to me last summer in Copenhagen. Full scientific proof, it was claimed, had not been forthcoming that Danish netting had caused the decline in salmon runs. The Danes were hurt that the accusation was made, and judgment passed, without this proof.

It is known that off Greenland in 1967 and 1968 at least 800,000 salmon were killed that were not known to breed anywhere except in North American, British, Irish and Norwegian waters. What would happen, I asked a Fisheries spokesman, while we waited for complete scientific proof?

"I cannot foresee what will happen in the future," he said.

The Danish fisheries people would like to blame UDN, a disease that has plagued British and Irish salmon for five

years, for the decline in river catches. But the salmon has a five-year life cycle, and the great Scottish rivers did not become infected until 1967. The UDN effect is still to be felt, and there is anger that the Danes are using a natural disaster to support their case for continuing netting. When UDN first occurred there was a huge step-up of artificial salmon production in Britain to make up for losses. It is the harvest of this sowing that the Danes are reaping now.

The ministry spokesman also pointed to the example of the Baltic, where the Danes have been drift-net fishing for many years. There, he said, stable stocks had been maintained ever since 1945. He did not add that they originated almost entirely from smolts artificially bred by the Swedes and the Finns. In the Baltic the Danes cull half the total salmon catch, though they themselves, the spokesman admitted, do not contribute a single artificially hatched salmon.

He was perhaps too sophisticated to put to me some of the other defensive points that the royal Danish ambassador employed in his London statement.

How many salmon, it asked rhetorically, perish at the hand of nature?

Plenty, said *The Field* in its own reply. But not more than have thus perished in past years.

How many are caught in British home waters outside the salmon rivers?

None. Salmon fishing has been banned there since 1962.

How many are deterred from going upriver by increased pollution and other environmental changes?

Many fewer than previously. Because of reduction in pollution, and conservation measures, rivers that 20 years ago were barren of salmon had begun once more to have runs. This is true also of some North American rivers.

The Danish case does not stand up to close scrutiny and, although in a later statement the ministry says it does not exclude the possibility of "certain restrictions" like those that govern net fishing in the Baltic, there seems little chance that normal international pressures will make the Danes agree to a ban.

An American salmon authority, Anthony Netbry, recently said that "the history of fishery disputes over the centuries suggests that they are not settled by common sense but by what might be called *force majeure*, that is, power poli-

tics involving implied or threatened economic sanctions."

So far, there is no suggestion of applying economic sanctions against Denmark, except by individual pressure groups of anglers, although Wilfred M. Carter, director of the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation, said this year that it may be necessary to think of a solution involving economic sanctions as a last resort.

Denmark is a country that is very vulnerable to this sort of action. Its standard of living is high—and it depends largely on exports of foodstuffs. Even before the present dispute Danish exports of butter and bacon to Britain had dropped, because they were ceasing to compete with the cheaper Irish products, and there is strong clamor among anglers and people concerned with such things as tourism, fishing-tackle manufacture and fishery management that advantage should be taken of this situation.

The clamor is the greater because there seems to be so little time left. Sir Hugh Mackenzie, director of the Atlantic Salmon Research Trust, Ltd., thinks that we have three years at most in which to end high-seas salmon fishing. Otherwise *Salmo salar* will have passed the point of no return on its way to extinction.

When one takes the helicopter south from the main Greenland airfield of Sondre Stromfjord, the mountains gradually break down into low gray islands and fjords, where they meet the coast. Nothing grows, except patches of yellow grass and the mosses the reindeer feed on. This is a country that the Danes subsidize at an annual rate of \$2,500 per head of the population, a country that is virtually ruled by the Royal Greenland Trading Company, as much of Canada was once ruled by the Hudson's Bay Company and India by the East India Company. It is a curious survival of history, an empire that is never discussed by the U.N.

Looking down from the helicopter into a maze of waterways, I could see, like strings of pearls, the white floats of the nets that are killing the salmon. It is conceivable that they are there because of the determination of the Danes to make their chilly empire a viable commercial proposition. To this end, it seems, Denmark is willing to sacrifice the most valuable fish in the world and to endanger her relationship with most of the civilized nations of the West.

AND

AFTER SHOW BIZ, SLOW BIZ

Ashland's pregame warmups are as loud as an assistant coach's golden shoes. But once the defense-minded Eagles begin to play, the freeze is on. They ice a lot of games that way **by PETER CARRY**

The tallest building for 15 miles around, Ashland College's Clayton Hall interrupts the smooth undulations of the northern Ohio countryside with its sharp-edged abruptness. A modern nine-story men's dormitory, it stands wide but very thin, almost a mere facade. Late on a Wednesday afternoon last January, Clayton's bland exterior of red brick and gray concrete was suddenly masked by a brilliant cascade of gold and purple, the school's colors. And from windows thrown open to the drab winter day at either end of the sixth floor, two stereos blared over and over but in near perfect synchronization the rock tune that has all but taken over as the college's fight song:

Keep the ball rollin'

Keep the ball rollin'

Girl, the name of the game,...

The driving music echoed off the two women's dormitories across the way where girls piled into rooms to paint gold and purple signs on the insides of their windows. The sound rolled toward the gym and permeated the entire neat campus with promises of great things a few hours ahead. That night the Ashland Eagles, the nation's stingiest basketball team and No. 1 ranked among NCAA small colleges at the end of regular season play, would unleash their special psychological warfare against undefeated Wittenberg University. Their followers among the college's 2,200 students and Ashland, Ohio's 20,000 citizens were starting the ball rolling, preparing, proclaimed one coed dressed in gold from pretty head to toes, to go "AB-so-lute-ly-IN-sane."

Ashland's enthusiasm, reminiscent of homecoming football weekends at other Midwestern colleges of an earlier era—there was even an old-fashioned pantie raid the night before—was pitched at no higher key for the important Wit-



tenberg game, one seemingly perpetually astonished upperclassman claimed, than for any other that the team has played during the past three seasons. The Eagles have had a 71-13 record over those years, but it is not merely winning that has inspired such mad devotion and it certainly is not the way the Eagles play the game—some of the team's wildest backers have been known almost to fall asleep watching their brand of slowdown ball. It is the way the team gets ready to play. The Ashland Eagles are college basketball's greatest showboaters. It is their pregame act that drives the people wild and causes a kind of collective schizophrenia that in the minutes between warmups and the game turns Eagle players from troupers to gridding, selfless defensive robots and their fans from carefree shriekers to tense nail-biters.

The songwriter for the show is Bill Musselman, 29, a bright man in his fifth season whose short muscular frame and light close-cropped hair are archetypal of proper coachly appearance, even if his scenario is not. Musselman blends a

pregame ritual of crowd hysteria, raucous music and Harlem Globetrotter drills with a game plan of sticky defense and tightly controlled offense that results in neither the Eagles nor their rivals scoring many baskets. Going to see Ashland play is like being hotly huckstered into a girlie show only to have the lights blow just as the act begins.

In college Musselman played at Wittenberg under Ray Mears, who later moved to the University of Tennessee, where he has made pregame antics, rugged defenses and ponderous offenses a success in the tough Southeastern Conference. Musselman amplified his old coach's philosophy by radically stepping up the showmanship and markedly knocking down the scoring totals. He convinced his followers to cheer themselves into emotional exhaustion before the game started and sold them on the notion that defense is the best part of the game. At Ashland it is. The Eagles led the nation in defense the past three seasons, allowing only 33.9 points per game in 1989.

Since it is not unusual for the Eagles to hold the ball for as long as 40 seconds before they shoot and the fast break is definitely not in their repertoire, some of the defensive credit belongs to the offense. Still, the defense is hardly without merit. Ashland press agents call it a hyperbolic paraboloid transition floating zone, a description that will never stick but is a fair indication of the complexity of Musselman's scrambling combination man-for-man zone defense.

"I teach a lot of offensive patterns and variations and then, to make the defense work, everyone must know exactly where he should be in every situation. If I want to coach that many things, I can only work with one team at a time, so I stick with the same five guys almost all year," Musselman says.

With four members of last year's starting lineup that included a frontcourt averaging 6' 8" and a long-armed, quick-handed 6' 5" guard, Kevin Wilson, returning, Musselman can stay with a set five again this year. Wilson, whose girl friend introduced him to Christian Science and who plays without having any treatment for his injuries except soothing readings from Mary Baker Eddy, is the key player for Ashland. An exceptional ballhandler, he controls the offense tightly and his wide arm-span gives Musselman a tough man at the point of his defense. Although he may be too slow and not quite shooter enough to make the pros, Wilson gives the Eagles an edge toward winning the small-college championship they have fallen just shy of the past two seasons.

National titles or even the thought of them are something new to Ashland. The town has distinguished itself mainly as the balloon capital of the world, and the college, which was founded 91 years ago by the strict Brethren Church, is just now escaping tight sectarianism. It was not long ago that students had to hide in the woods across the road to smoke a cigarette, and the first dance on campus was not held until 1962. Last semester one of the hottest issues was President Glenn Clayton's veto of a student petition to put a cigarette machine on campus. He later relented.

Even so, the Brethren must be startled by the modern buildings that have sprung up across the campus and the cast-iron eagles that stand in front of each one. The birds, which campus mythology says fly in each time a new structure is completed, have been swiped from Case tractor dealerships throughout the Midwest and then painted purple with gold heads. Ashland girls are predictably miniskirted and the boys wear sideburns. Not only do they dance together, but they slosh down sizable quantities of 3.2 beer at dingy hangouts like the Dugout and Act III. "This place is getting liberal," said the editor of the student newspaper.

Even with smoking and drinking privileges, basketball remains the favorite entertainment at Ashland. During the week of the Wittenberg game coeds were more concerned about lining up dates for the game than for the Diana Ross and The Supremes concert two nights later. "Why not," said Jay Hoover, the 10th man on the team, who earned his



spot by learning to spin a basketball on the end of his forefinger. "This isn't a team, it's a circus."

Musselman's team spends 15 minutes of every practice session polishing its warmup drills. While a record player blares deafening versions of *Keep the Ball Rollin'*, *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *Higher and Higher*, his players, all budding Pete Maravichs (SI, Dec. 11, juggle basketballs, spin them on their fingertips, roll them around their waists and necks and flick them with their elbows, knees and insteps. They also learn to dribble between their legs while doing a duckwalk, to perform tricky passing drills and, for those who are tall

SHOWBOATING before game, Kevin Wilson rolls ball around knees, team lines up for a hot drill and Jay Hoover spurs love for the fans.



enough, to shoot reverse dunk shots.

"This isn't just for fun," explains Musselman. "It promotes interest in the team by our students and by kids I'd like to recruit. It helps my players warm up and learn ball control, too. Mostly, though," he says with a grin, "it psychs out the other team."

On the night of the Wittenberg game, as at all home games, the fans were hardly less prepared than the team. Well ahead of starting time, the gym was draped so heavily with banners that a boy who was hanging his latest creation turned to an older stranger standing nearby and nervously asked, "Are you the spy from Myer's Laundry Service?"

Ashland signs underline the essentially

continued



VELVET EAGLE, ALWAYS A BIG HIT

negative bent of the Eagles' rooters. Rarely do they read *BEAT THIS SCHOOL*, or *SMASH THAT BADGER*. Instead they have the ring of recent foreign policy: *CONTAIN 'EM*, one might say, or *SHUT THE TIGERS OUT*. Although Ashland has never held a team to fewer than 14 points, Musselman hungers for a shut-out as the crowning testament to his coaching philosophy. Wilson sincerely believes that with a little luck his team might pull one off this year.

Half an hour before game time, the 4,000-seat gym was packed, mostly with students in all-gold costumes. The gold team hench, with *NATION'S NO. 1 DEFENSE* painted in purple across the back, and the gold rug that lies in front of it were in place, and the cheering, which had built steadily through the second half of the preliminary JV game, reached full pitch. The team broke onto the floor accompanied by *Keep the Ball Rollin'*, Musselman in a bright gold blazer and Assistant Coach Lou Markle in hideous,



... AND POM-POM GIRLS LEAD ROOTERS



gold spray-painted crepe-soled shoes. While the crowd stood, clapped rhythmically and howled, as it would do continuously for the next 25 minutes, the Eagles began their routine, juggling, dribbling, passing and shooting in unison. The roaring grew louder as the act built toward the individual highlights Ashland crowds have come to anticipate. Wilson and Hoover spun balls on their fingertips. Then Wilson twirled two, a stunt that Halie Bryant of the Globetrotters told Hoover none of his Trotter teammates could ever master. Substitute forward Gary Youmans juggled three balls and teammates snapped them away in midair, then drove in for dunks. After 10 minutes Center Jim Williams closed the display with the last of his crashing dunks and Ashland settled into the routine of shooting layups.

Wittenberg Coach Eldon Miller was a college teammate of Musselman and Miller's wife roomed with Kristine Musselman in school, so the Tigers knew



WILSON, TEAM'S STAR, SIGNALS EXPECTABLE SLOWDOWN AS HE CONTROLS BALL

about Ashland's antics. They ignored the opening minutes of the Eagles' drills, but the temptation to look was too much. One by one they turned toward the far end of the gym. Before the show was over, five Wittenberg players had forgotten their own warmups and were standing in a line at half-court, staring. Even before the game had begun, the Eagles had taken the lead.

Ashland returned to its dressing room, but just as the crowd seemed ready to settle down, a student dressed in a purple velvet eagle suit with gold spurs and claws flapped onto the floor. Musselman who knows the value of sustained enthusiasm, traded a used rebounding machine and \$50 for the suit. It is a hit every time.

After completing his loops around the court, the eagle joined 12 pompon girls and six cheerleaders lined up in front of a huge plywood basketball with a curtain-covered hole in the middle. Down went the houselights and on went a spotlight that flashed furiously around the gym. It created an effect somewhere between a Hollywood premiere and the opening of a used-car lot.

"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Ashland College basketball, and now an-

introducing the nation's No. 1 defensive team, the Ashland College Eagles. . . ." The rest of the announcement was drowned out by the loudest cheers of the night as the team, one at a time, charged through the spotlight-illuminated basketball and onto the floor. Then came the anticlimax—the game.

Ashland took its first shot a minute and 54 seconds after the opening tap, forced turnovers the first four times Wittenberg had the ball and had a 9-2 lead before the Tigers made their first field goal. Nine minutes had elapsed. There would be no shutout and, with the opposition playing an essentially slowdown game, too, the Eagles would have little trouble holding down the score. The Ashland fans did not sit on their hands, but the cheers were hoarser and fewer.

Up in the stands Kevin Wilson's girl friend Nancy worried about him running the offense and convinced herself silently, "There's no imperfection in perfection. Since the world is perfection, there can be no turnovers." Ashland's games are slow enough that a person can do that sort of thinking. Ashland won 35-28. Back at Clayton Hall the banners were pulled into the windows and, next day, everybody went quietly about the business of getting ready for the next show, which of course would include a game.

END

INTIMIDATING BARRIER of John Savage and Jim Williams has Wittenberg guard puzzled



This Christmas give the martini drinker what he really wants. Gin.



Seagram's Extra Dry. The perfect martini gin.

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City, 90 Proof Distilled Dry Gin, Distilled From American Grain.



Chav's enterprising boss, John DeLorean, builds sporty cars and lives life in a style unique in the annals of the giant automaker
by **BROCK YATES**

NEW KIND OF WHEEL AT GM

It is no accident that only advanced trivia collectors and devoted readers of *The Wall Street Journal* can recite the names in the General Motors management hierarchy. Though hardly as bashful as Howard Hughes, the men who operate the world's largest corporation embrace a life-style that might be described as industrial monasticism. Seelyish, conservative in a public sense to the point of austerity, they steer their corporate flagship through the reefs of commerce from the leather and mahogany bridge on the 14th floor of the General Motors Building in Detroit—that massive somber monument to mass production and enlightened free enterprise. These admirals of management are committed to the anonymous service of the stockholders and the proposition that every man, woman and child in America wants a four-door sedan with vinyl roof and stereo.

And then there is John Z. (for Zachary) DeLorean. He strides through the staid wood and glass corridors looking more like Cary Grant than Alfred P. Sloan. General Motors' resident swinger (how he detests the word) is a sporting, contemporary man who is to the accepted image of the faceless auto mogul as rock is to Bach. DeLorean is a vice-president of GM and the general manager of Chevrolet—its biggest, most important division and the fourth largest

business enterprise in the world in its own right. At 44 he is the youngest of the 11 men who have held that powerful job; the others all advanced to positions of great stature within the parent corporation. While a majority of them were executives from the classic General Motors mold, DeLorean is an individual of unusual range and tastes who really likes cars.

In Detroit an automobile is something you build and sell, not necessarily something you enjoy. Numbers, not nerve ends, are the registers of success in the Motor City. But the car nuts are on the rise, led by men like DeLorean and, until recently, his best friend Semon E. (Bunkie) Knudsen—the man who has shaken Detroit down to its leaf springs with an executive Ping-Pong act that hounded him from the Olympian heights of the GM hierarchy to the presidency of the Ford Motor Company to the ranks of the unemployed, all in a matter of 19 months. DeLorean and Knudsen (whose father, Big Bill Knudsen, handed the original Henry Ford his resignation in 1921 and went on to the presidency of GM) are members of a small coterie of car cranks who have surfaced in Detroit management circles. Without them and men like Oldsmobile's general manager, John Belz, Dodge's boss, Bob McCurry, and Ford's Lee Iacocca, the industry would rotulate about as much

excitement as the National Archives.

Now, John Z. DeLorean can't help it if he looks like a movie star—a Cary Grant among the Charles Coburns, as it were. Not that he in any way attempts to camouflage himself against the background of white broadcloth shirts and gray suits. Indeed, his exuberance has infuriated some of his rivals and has made him the talk of the industry.

One afternoon DeLorean lounged easily in his stylish Bloomfield Hills house—he has since moved to another and talked about his view of the automobile industry. Elsewhere, auto executives dutifully slogged through 18 holes of golf or hunched resolutely over their desks. DeLorean could have been playing golf—his lean, 6' 4" frame and a pliant swing have given him a handicap as low as four—but he has sworn off the game temporarily. "I promised myself I wouldn't play until I got Chevrolet where I wanted it, and that's going to take some time and effort," he said.

Where DeLorean wants Chevrolet is back in its traditional niche of dominance in the domestic car market. In 1962 about 32% of America's car-buying public saw the U.S.A. in their Chevrolets, but now this share of sales has dipped to under 25%, and it is no secret that America's motorized sweetheart is in for some revitalization. DeLorean was hardly promoted from his general

continued

membership of Pontiac last February to be a troubled host, but he knows better than anyone that if he can boost sales back to the old levels he will be a corporate hero of sizable dimensions—and all the more his own man, whatever the conservative hard-liners might say.

"My personal life is my own business," DeLorean said. "I do what I think is right. I am myself." This means he often seeks his own friends and pleasures outside the industry's tight social circle in the posh suburbs of Birmingham, Bloomfield Hills and Grosse Pointe. "John has missed some really important parties, command performances, you might say, and that sort of omission around this town is viewed as a mortal sin," a friend said. DeLorean defends his absenteeism this way: "Since neither my wife nor I drink, we'd frankly rather take a twilight horseback ride or a late run down the ski slope than go to any party."

Following his divorce from his first wife, DeLorean was seen in the company of a breathtaking collection of young Hollywood actresses and New York deb-stares in fashionable hostesses both here and in Europe, thereby becoming, in the social columns of the Detroit press, the city's most eligible bachelor. Even business publications, much to his irritation, took note of his private life. Said *FORTUNE*: "DeLorean demonstrates that even in GM there is room for a swinger." "I get very tired of this 'swinger' label," DeLorean says with ire. "I am really a pretty conservative guy. Look, I generally skip lunch and work out at the Detroit Athletic Club gym or Vic Tanny's a couple of times a week. I read an average of a book a week and spend most of my free time writing, lecturing and working on the problems in our cities and country—poverty, social inequality, housing, training of the disadvantaged, things like that. Now, does that sound like a swinger?"

As he speaks DeLorean is relaxing in his starkly elegant living room, surrounded by expanses of brick and chalk-white walls covered with dozens of paintings he has collected from around the world. He is wearing a sport coat and black turtleneck sweater. His angular face is dominated by wide, penetrating eyes and a razor-cut crop of longish black hair. In the background the stereo is playing

a Blood, Sweat & Tears album, and he talks of his tastes in music, which range from hard rock to the classics. Next comes a brief description of the two books he is writing, one a novel perhaps intended more for self-expression than publication, the other a treatise on how American industry can lend a hand in employing and improving the lot of the nation's minority groups. He is deeply concerned about the national mood and how he and the automobile business can make constructive improvements. While at Pontiac he spearheaded a number of pioneer programs to open his factory's doors to the hard-core un-

employed, the good life that used to be restricted to select groups in a few large cities. That's all changed now and we've got to grow with it."

A dazzling young woman enters the room and curls up beside DeLorean. Kelly Harmon DeLorean, age 21, is the most toothsome morsel of gossip in Detroit. She is his bride of a few months and she has set nasty old mouths flapping harder than at any time since Henry Ford II married Christina Austin. The daughter of the University of Michigan All-America Tom Harmon and the actress Elyse Knox, she is the embodiment of sweet, unspoiled American beauty—



employed. He is committed to social change. "I spend a lot of time talking with college students, and I tell them it's futile to drop out of a system simply because one doesn't agree with what's going on. What you do is get involved. Change things. Make them right. The world today is undergoing a tremendous neoreligious metamorphosis—perhaps the most significant movement in modern history—and it's being led by young people. They are intolerant of hunger and deprivation, of bigotry and war, and they're doing something about it."

He is no less emphatic about the automobile business. "The public taste has been ahead of the automobile industry for the last 10 years. And, you know, the general level of taste is improving fantastically, even in the little towns. People know how to dress, they understand food and music and things relating to

a conglomerate of good genes. She is a skier, a swimmer, an excellent horsewoman, a fledgling artist. She is gentle and innocent, without vanity. Is it not enough that DeLorean is a multitalented captain of commerce? Must he have the uncrowned Mrs. America, too? The scene is unreal.

But do not begrudge DeLorean his beautiful wife. Any man is a tryer who undertakes a two-week crash course in horsemanship, gets hucked off a stallion riding bareback and cracks two ribs trying to surprise his fiancée with his riding prowess. And any man who at age 43 can win a \$1,000 bet by running five miles nonstop is real.

DeLorean's record at General Motors is laced with triumphs. In 1956 he left the floundering Packard Motor Company, where he was chief of research and development, to become the boss

of advanced engineering for Pontiac. He was recruited by tough-talking Bunkie Knudsen, who had been given the challenge of bringing the creaky Pontiac Motor Division up from mediocrity. At that time rumors were flying around Detroit that GM intended to cancel production of the Pontiac entirely. "It was unbelievable, everything was so old-fashioned," DeLorean recalls. "Bunkie persuaded me to interview for the job, and I drove out to Pontiac and talked with the man who was going to be my boss. There he was, sitting behind his desk, wearing a pair of those old high-top leather shoes and packing a big wad of

cigars in his shirt pocket—the prototype old-fashioned auto man I called Bunkie back and said, 'No, thanks.' But Bunkie implied that some big changes were planned for Pontiac and talked me into taking the job. When I went to work the old guy in the high shoes was gone."

"Knudsen quickly found that the Pontiac had turned into an old-ladies' car. Market research indicated that it had no image whatsoever—that it was a nameless blob to the American public." Working with his chief engineer, a smooth, capable ex-Oldsmobile man named E. M. (Pete) Estes, and DeLorean, Knudsen set out to revitalize the division.

In a short while he had zoomy, powerful "wide track" Catalinas running on the Southern stock-car circuit, California speed specialist Mickey Thompson gunned his *Challenger I* land-speed record car, powered by four Pontiac V-8s, over 400 mph on the Bonneville Salt Flats. Pontiacs driven by such legendary racers as Fireball Roberts, Joe Weatherly and Marvin Pansh won most major stock-car races in the nation, including the Daytona 500 in 1961 and 1962. In 1960 an advertising executive on the Pontiac account, Jim Wangers, won top stock eliminator honors in major league drag racing, driving a great bellowing

Catalina. At this point the flashy Catalina and Bonneville Pontiacs were the toughest, fastest cars anybody could buy in an American showroom, and sales were booming. Knudsen and his band of racers at Pontiac were heroes. In 1961 Bunkie was rewarded with the general managership of Chevrolet, while Pete Estes took over at Pontiac. DeLorean thereupon was promoted to chief engineer.

Then a 1963 edict from the GM corporate leaders banned all General Motors divisions from participating in racing. Realizing that Pontiac's new reputation was built on high performance, DeLorean and Estes were left with the chore of keeping the Pontiac name in front of the skyrocketing enthusiast market without being able to race. Enter the GTO.

What happened was that DeLorean put a thumping 389-cu-in V-8 engine into one of the newly styled Pontiac Tempest economy models. Installed in a relatively light (3,200 pounds) chassis and fitted with three carburetors, the big engine provided blinding acceleration, and the car handled well, too. DeLorean immediately recognized its potential as a low-cost (\$3,300) "supercar" for the youth market—a sales concept that was just becoming evident. Playing on the

rock/mood



A SHAPPY DRESSER at work and at home, DeLorean confers at left with Chevrolet executives, relaxes below with his beautiful Kelly, "a conglomerate of good genes" whose father is Tom Harmon.



rising demand for racy European ears in America, he brazenly named his creation the GTO (for Gran Turismo Omologato, after a chic Ferrari coupe that had been raced a year earlier).

"We could manufacture it with a small gross investment," says DeLorean, "and we went ahead, although a number of people in the division and the corporation were skeptical." So skeptical, in fact, the Pontiac sales manager wagered DeLorean that no more than 5,000 GTOs would be sold. He was a loser from the start. Within 90 days of the introduction, every car buff in the nation was eyeing the GTO, despite the fact that not one buyer in a hundred had the vaguest notion of what the name meant. By the end of the model year the entire production run of 31,000 GTOs had been sold.

Then Wangers, who was to become the unrivaled prophet of youth marketing in Detroit, began to hit his stride. Realizing, with DeLorean and Estes, that rival manufacturers were plunging into the performance market with bigger, hotter cars than the GTO, he launched a textbook sales promotion campaign that included the pop hit *Little GTO*, recorded by Ronnor and the Daytonas. While bypassed in the Grammy awards, *Little GTO* got to No. 3 on the charts, sold 1.2 million copies and got played an estimated seven million times on the nation's rock radio stations—ground zero for the GTO market. At the same time Wangers flooded the nation with GTO shoes, emblems, T-shirts and more records until every kid from Portland, Me. to West Covina, Calif. was stuffing his piggy bank in anticipation of the day he could purchase a GTO. In 1965 65,000 GTOs were sold. The following year sales soared to 83,000.

Pete Estes moved on to the general manager'ship of Chevrolet in 1965, when Knudsen advanced to the GM corporate level. Maintaining the linear progression, DeLorean took the top spot at Pontiac and drove even harder to keep the division's performance image alive. "John is a genuine automobile enthusiast," says one of his associates. "In fact, he is a purist. He hates to compromise, to put unnecessary gimmickery on a car, and that sometimes makes life difficult for him and those around him."

It is true that DeLorean's automotive tastes run more to lean, quick sports cars than to just-folks sedans. "I like

cars that are lighter, more fleet, like a European Grand Prix car as opposed to, say, a stock car," he says. "With this comes a liking for high performance—within limits. Not just big engines and neck-snapping acceleration, but automobiles that will brake, steer and corner with the best. In this sense high performance means safety, and the enthusiast segment of the market understands this and responds to it." Noting that more than 10% of the domestic car market involves so-called "high performance" or "sporty" or "muscle car" vehicles, DeLorean says, "The enthusiast market has always been there, it's just that we didn't recognize it."

"We can make cars that will run 100,000 miles with minimum trouble and expense. Therefore we've got to build a new product that will lure the customer out of his old car long before it's worn out. His old car then becomes a new car, in effect, for someone lower on the economic scale. This is the thing that keeps America dynamic: replacing things with a new and better product before the old one is worn out. This is one of the reasons why the enthusiast market is so important. These people set trends, they establish mental attitudes about cars and are excellent market indicators. They have a lower average age-level with higher average incomes—just the kind of guys you want to keep. The person who understands how to appeal to these sporting, nonbusiness, instincts is successful."

Underlining DeLorean's own sporting tastes were a pair of powerful sports cars hunkered down in his garage. One was an orange Corvette, the other a \$10,500 De Tomaso Mangusta—a rakish, two-seat Italian coupe that DeLorean was evaluating as Chevy moved toward a new rear-engine Corvette, due in 1971. DeLorean had already disposed of a Maserati Ghibli, partly because Kelly found it bothersome churning around town shifting its five-speed gearbox.

The son of a Middle-European father who worked in the foundry at the Ford Motor Company, DeLorean has fought his way to the top ranks of the industry without family legacies or Brahmin bloodlines, and he is wholly unlikely to go stodgy as he motors on. Several months ago he entertained the English rock composer Barry Mason and his miniskirted girl friend in the fusty 14th floor GM executive dining room, where mod types are about as popular as Ralph

Nader. (The room has a decor that might be described as 1939 World's Fair Modern. One GM man has said, "When you look out a window you expect to see the Trylon and Perisphere.") Consorting with such creatures has gotten DeLorean labeled in some quarters of GM as a "troublemaker" and having a "hang-up on youth," but he is confident that his talent and good judgment will prevail. "I'm not worried about who I'm supposed to know, about who people are; I just do what I have to do," he says with an edge of defiance in his voice.

In the short time he has been on the job at Chevrolet, DeLorean has begun to make his loose, informal executive style felt. Everywhere, from the assembly lines to the vast network of new-car showrooms, men are getting used to calling the boss by his first name. Although the customary industry long-range product planning will prevent DeLorean from creating Chevrolets to his exact liking for a couple of years, he is already aiming for a more youth-oriented Chevy identity. He approves all advertising, and his preference for tanned California sunbuds as models has caused one ad executive to remark, "As far as our advertising is concerned, any broad over 21 is a has-been." Nevertheless, DeLorean's enthusiasm, plus the prospect of new Chevy products like a subcompact sedan (a car DeLorean thought of naming "Snoopy" for a while) and a sleek Italianesque Camaro, both set to come out in early 1970, have the staid old company buzzing. One longtime Chevy man said, "We haven't felt this much enthusiasm around here since the days of Bill Knudsen."

Yet there are those who predict that General Motors will clamp down on its house rebel and that he will accept the clamps if he harbors any thoughts of gaining the corporation's presidency—a job at least 10 years in the future if GM tradition means anything. There had been whispers that if the strictures became too harsh at GM, DeLorean might move in with Bunkie at Ford. But when Knudsen was fired in the now-famous shoot-out at Ford, DeLorean immediately lost leverage at General Motors. As one GM man puts it, "As long as Bunkie was in command at Ford, GM faced the possibility of John swatching over to the opposition, just as Bunkie had done. That sort of thing simply isn't

continued

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supposed to happen to the world's largest corporation."

Although some of his associates say DeLorean has become slightly subdued since his friend's fall from power, there is really no reason to expect him to show up at work some morning with a bunch haircut and pleats in his pants. He is, after all, riding the crest of a highly successful record at General Motors. This year's Chevrolet line, headed by the new Monte Carlo luxury hardtop and a sharply styled collection of Chevelle intermediates, appears to have been well received by the public. Waiting in the wings for introduction is the new Camaro sporty car—a true two-plus-two with some of the leanest contours this side of Modena, Italy. Also ready for release is the subcompact (code-named XP-887), which promises to have a tremendous impact on the industry. If these cars are successful they can do nothing but embellish DeLorean's reputation.

He is also gaining substantial visibility outside the automobile world—a factor that some Detroit-watchers interpret as a harbinger of his entrance into politics. Recently a 250-member advisory board of Southeastern Michigan Junior Achievement chapters selected DeLorean as the man they would like to act as their spokesman in establishing a more contemporary image for their organization. Reportedly, DeLorean's name came up extemporaneously during the discussions, indicating that his efforts to identify with the youth of America have not been in vain.

If DeLorean were to chuck the automobile business in favor of politics (which he firmly denies is a prospect although Kelly encourages him in this direction), he would bring to it an original amalgam of the liberal reformer's zeal coupled with a ringing faith in American business. "The biggest difference between America and lesser-developed nations is our business managerial talent," he says. "The countries that are making unusual progress toward eliminating hunger and poverty are basically imitating American managerial skills, so this attitude we sometimes hear—that business is primarily motivated by the pursuit of money—requires re-examination. American business has eliminated more suffering than all of the government programs ever conceived, and has done so while also building individual pride."

END

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DESECRATE WITH HOWLS SO JOLLY

As we head into another round of office Christmas parties, let us remember the inspiring words of the National Defilement Association's Yuletide motto: 'Tis the Season to Be Messy by **FRANK DEFORD**

Twas the day before Christmas at the headquarters of the National Defilement Association in Washington, and everyone was in a real Yuletide spirit. The annual Christmas party was about to start, and the secretaries were gathered around, wrapping the presents that would be sent to all Senators and Congressmen. Appropriately, the NDA had decided to give everyone assorted liquors in throw-away bottles and cans. "What a terrific idea!" said Harvey Kinzel, the

ebullient director of the NDA. "We not only get all our elected representatives in our debt, but we also actually are helping spread some of our litter in each and every one of the 50 states."

Bobby Wibbleman, head of the Division of Galloping Asphalt for the NDA, stuck his head in the door. "And don't forget to send a little something over to the boys in the Department of Transportation," he said. "Word just came through that they have given the

go-ahead for that highway we suggested—the \$782 million Interstate that will link Dover, Delaware directly with Owensboro, Kentucky, eliminating six bird sanctuaries, four historical sites—including the Gettysburg Battlefield—three public parks, 17 golf courses. . . ."

"And a partridge in a pear tree," Harvey Kinzel interrupted.

"Oh, you kiddler," Wibbleman replied, holding his sides and roaring along with everyone else.



"The terrific thing about that highway," said Marge Seltzer, director of promotion, "is that we have succeeded in getting it built despite the most organized opposition from the conservation lobby."

"Some people are just reflexively against progress," Harvey Kinzel said.

"It's the same as with the save-the-redwoods cartel," Whibleman said. "If God had meant for us to leave trees standing, He would have given us long tails to swing from the limbs with."

"Right you are," said Kinzel, stamping out his low-tar cigarette with one of his genuine alligator-hide shoes. "But we have succeeded in getting the road bill approved, and that is certainly a tremendous note on which to end the first glorious year of the National Defilement Association."

"I'll drink to that," said A. P. Brown Jr., the guiding genius of the NDA's Air Pollution department, throwing his glass out the window and onto Connecticut Avenue. There were loud cheers. More and more employees had begun to arrive for the festivities.

"All right, all right!" Kinzel called out jovially. "God forbid that I should be a party-pooper, but this has been an A-1 first-class inaugural year for the NDA, and I have an announcement that I know will make everybody's Christmas merrier. Are we all here?"

There were cries around the office to alert the stragglers, and everyone was at last accounted for when Wanda Mossway, receptionist in Evil Odors, and Hip Gypsey, assistant promotion director for Oil Sheks, entered the room looking sheepish. Gypsey had a lipstick smudge on his collar. That was Hip with every new girl in the office: some preliminary sweet talk and then those romantic moonlit strolls by the Potomac, throwing in refuse, spray-painting their initials on the Lincoln Memorial.

"I'll make this short and sweet," Director Kinzel began, "but I do just want to tell you what a magnificent first year we have all had. A lot of people sneered when we were organized 12 months ago. You remember. The wise guys said, who needs a National Defilement Association? So many of us, they said, acting as individual Americans, were already doing plenty to deface the land."

"But you and I know different, don't we? Even the great spirit of American enterprise and know-how can only car-

ry us so far. Sure, it's easy for Mr. & Mrs. Average American to roll up their sleeves, spit on their hands and do a representative job of spoiling the little things—your national monument, your public park, your roadside rest area, your Lake Erie. But, let's face it, making this nation ugly is no job for amateurs. It needs organization."

"Hear, hear!" the NDA gang cried.

"There is no doubt," Kinzel went on, "that without the NDA we would not have been able to tackle the larger projects that demand concentrated community effort. When you talk about killing Lake Superior, filling in San Francisco Bay, putting neon lights on Mount Rainier, asphaltting the Everglades, greasing up the Pacific Ocean—and not, please note, just the Santa Barbara Channel—you're talking about assignments that need the NDA. So, as you go out and find your way home through the smog tonight, don't ever think for a moment that you are just a disposable bottle in the garbage heap of NDA. Each and every employee is playing an important leadership role for the stupendous decade ahead."

There was more cheering and back-slapping all around. Wanda Mossway kissed Hip Gypsey full on the lips, and in the excitement her cigar touched Hip's hairpiece and set it ablaze. The sparks ignited the NDA library of pornography, but an alert steno prevented the fire's spread by covering it with tinsel.

"Now here's the good news," Kinzel went on after this brief interruption. "I am pleased to announce that our NDA Citizens Council membership drive has exceeded our fondest expectations. Effective immediately, we can boast of 10 million card-tossing members."

The cheers were so lusty and prolonged that many in the NDA crowd did not hear the rest of Kinzel's announcement, to the effect that the National Defilement Association had also exceeded its original projection and had signed up 7.5 million junior enrollees for its Little Litter League program.

"All right, let's get on with the Christmas party!" Kinzel called above the happy tumult. He looked around and smiled broadly, then an expression of puzzlement slowly came over his face. He called over Marge Seltzer of promotions. "Marge," he said, "this is no time for business talk, but I must say I am disappointed in you and the whole



promotions team. How could you have forgotten a Christmas tree?"

"But, Harvey," she said, "didn't you hear? There aren't any more Christmas trees. Americans cut them all down."

Bobby Whibleman from Galloping Asphalt dropped over, frowning. "What's the matter, Bobby?" Harvey Kinzel asked.

"Just a small thing, Harv," Whibleman said, cracking his knuckles. "It seems we won't be able to hang up the Christmas stockings at home tonight. That highway, the one going direct from Dover, Delaware to Owensboro, Kentucky—well, what do you know? It just happens that it's being routed through Bethesda and, as a matter of fact, through our family room with the fireplace. My wife just called: the bulldozers came 45 minutes ago. Gee, we had all the presents in the family room, too."

"Well, that's progress, Bobby," Kinzel said. "So don't be down-in-the-mouth. Besides, it's time for our big treat, when all us executives distribute frozen turkeys to all the employees for their Christmas dinners."

"Didn't you see the memo about that?" Marge asked.

"How's that?"

"Well, we've made such progress with the NDA that there are no turkeys left. They all were fed grain that was poisoned by insecticides."

"There are no turkeys left?"

continues



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The Ponte Vecchio of Florence. Originally constructed during the 1st century, this historic bridge has been rebuilt three times. Charming "boutiques" line each side, many producing jewelry of fine Florentine gold. Also out of Italy's past is the legendary Liqueur Galliano, said to be "distilled from the rays of the sun." Perhaps you can taste sunlight in every sip. Galliano has conquered America. Let it win you over. Tonight?



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HOWLE SO JOLLY *continued*

"Just 14, sir. The historical people took them down to that preserve in Texas where they're keeping the whooping cranes. If they all mate and everything goes well, they hope to have at least 17 by 1975."

"Turkeys, schmurkeys," said Harvey Kinzel. "The simple things are good enough for me at Christmas. I'm content just to sit around roasting chestnuts by an open fire, tra-la-la."

"We get much better results with an oil flame," Wibblesman said. "Lots of hydrocarbons, that sort of thing."

"Oh, sure," said Harv. "I was just being poetic."

"Speaking of poetic, Marge," Wibblesman said, "I thought we had some carolers lined up to serenade us outside our windows."

"Actually, Bobby, we do," Marge replied. "But you can't hear them too well through their gas masks."

"Can't blame them," Kinzel said. "The Potomac does smell gamy tonight. Oh, well, if we can't hear the carol singing, I think I'll be going. With a head start, I ought to be able to get through before the litter from Christmas wrappings builds up too high along Massachusetts Avenue. Our kids are flying home from college, and I certainly want to be there when they get to the house."

As he turned to leave, Kinzel's phone rang, and he picked it up himself. It was Mrs. Kinzel. "Hello, dear," he said. "I was just leaving to come home and meet the children. . . . I see. . . . Yes. . . . Is that so. . . ? Well, nothing is ever quite the same, not even Christmases. You know progress." He hung up. "What is it, sir?" asked Wibblesman.

"Oh, nothing really," Kinzel said. "Seems like the kids won't be able to get home for Christmas. A funny weather situation has developed. The smog belt is covering virtually the whole country, and nothing can land anywhere but Great Falls, Montana. All planes presently in the air are being rerouted there. After that nobody'll be able to fly tonight. Except that Bob Hope is being flown back from Vietnam to entertain all the citizens who end up in Great Falls. It's going to be great for the kids to see Jerry Colonna and Miss World and Les Brown and his Band of Renown."

"Nothing—uh, nobody—can fly on Christmas Eve?" asked Wibblesman.

"No," said Kinzel. "Nobody." **END**

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Hello, drip, drip! Goodby, UCLA

Voracious recruiter Bob Boyd at USC not only steals talent from his crosstown rivals. He's after their national title by JOE JARES

Bob Boyd is the basketball coach at the University of Southern California, and unusual things happen to him. They always have. He was a student at Muir Junior College a long time ago, about ready to transfer to Stanford, when his mother's house burned down and he needed a place to live. The closest quarters available were at a fraternity house at nearby USC, so he became a star roommate there. He is remembered fondly in JC coaching ranks not only as a teacher of tough defense, but also as the guy who got called with a technical by a referee who had been best man at his wedding. He was doing beautifully as head coach at Seattle University until the FBI discovered two of his best players had knowingly failed to report a bribe attempt. They were kicked out of school, and Boyd resigned to sell basketball shoes.

Some four years ago Boyd was driving through the California desert, thinking of nothing more important than soles and shoelaces, when he heard an announcement on the radio that the USC coaching job was open. By coincidence he happened to be driving by the radio station that had given the news, so he parked his car, walked in on the startled disk jockey, introduced himself and said he was going to apply for the job and, what's more, he was going to get it. Which is how the folks in Yucca Valley, Calif., heard a big sports exclusive.

The new coach's arrival coincided with the start of Lew Alcindor's varsity eligibility at rival UCLA, and more unusual things happened. Boyd tried to beat UCLA using a man-to-man defense, and Alcindor scored 56 points. The third time the teams met, Boyd tried a stall that came within a hairbreadth of working. He was rewarded for this bit of ingenuity by being spat upon and cursed. But Bob Boyd is a stubborn one. He used strict ball control again last season, and finally the play worked, right in UCLA's own arena, as USC wrecked the Bruins' win streak at 41.

"I knew that overpowering team across town was retarding my program," said Boyd. "Rather than accept it, roll over and play dead for three years, it activated me. And I kept in mind that I had better be ready when Lew was gone."

Well, Alcindor is gone, and USC does seem ready. It took on sixth-ranked Colorado and well-rated Vanderbilt last weekend in the Los Angeles Sports Arena and thrashed them both. It used to be that the only way to get attendance above 1,000 at a Trojan home game was to shanghai people off the street. That will change rapidly. More than 5,000 fans showed up Friday to see Colorado

humbled 88-74. The crowd would have been larger Saturday when Vandy succumbed 108-89, but the game was on local TV. Season ticket sales have doubled over last season.

"My goals are to create enough enthusiasm and interest," says Boyd, "to fill the Sports Arena [it holds 15,509] and to win an NCAA basketball championship, which USC has never done."

Getting ready for his raid on crowds and titles, Boyd founded the USC Basketball Boosters, which now has 335 members who annually lock in at least \$10 apiece, and hired two assistants who complement him nicely. Bob Wilhelm, 38, is "the detail man," handling the boosters, trips and scheduling. Wilhelm is also a "disciplinarian with an excellent knowledge of the game." And for recruiting, Boyd has a skinny, 27-year-old bachelor, Jim Hefner, who uses the Chinese water torture on hot prospects, telephoning them three or four times a

month.



PAUL WESTPHAL, WHO ALMOST WAS A UCLA, SCORES LAYUP AGAINST COLORADO

week, sending them telegrams after victories and romancing their mothers.

"Jimmy's the greatest at that," says Boyd. "When he gets on a kid he's relentless—drip, drip, drip. He refuses to believe we won't get him."

Boyd himself gets down in the recruiting trenches, and a good example of what he comes out with is Paul Westphal, a sophomore guard who averaged 32 points a game during his last season in high school. Westphal's older brother was a fine defensive forward at USC but disliked the pre-Boyd basketball program, and Paul was a regular at UCLA Coach John Wooden's summer camp. His father was vehemently anti-USC, and Paul did not bother to answer the first letter Boyd sent him. Then Helfner started the water torture, and Boyd played some half-court basketball with Paul's dad. Goodbye, UCLA.

Westphal was joined on last season's freshman team by four other players who were all thises-and-thats, and they loped through a 19-game schedule without a defeat, each man averaging in double figures and shooting better than 50% from the floor. With them this year is a good senior, Don Crenshaw, and three JC transfers from Arizona who had played for a state-championship high school team in New Jersey.

They all seem extremely fond of Boyd, who believes strongly in discipline mixed with affection. He demands punctuality, attentiveness and a positive attitude, and if he does not get them there is hell to pay. Yet he is constantly immersing himself in his players' problems, putting his arm around their shoulders, giving them friendly cuffs, joshing them. Says an old friend: "Either Bob treats his players like he treats his own sons or he treats his sons like he treats his players."

Boyd's oldest son, Bill, 16, is just starting his junior season in basketball at Foothill High in suburban Orange County, but he is already receiving letters from Duke, Davidson, Utah and other basketball powers around the country, and no wonder. Well built at 6'7", he is a good student and was his league's Player of the Year as a sophomore.

USC takes second place to Foothill with most members of the Boyd family, including wife Betty Boyd, who never misses a Foothill game. If the Trojans are playing the same night she listens to them on a portable radio.

"One night both games went into over-

time, and I couldn't stand the excitement," she says. "I shut off USC."

The head of the family never shuts off USC basketball. He has time for very little else. At the start of a scouting trip a couple of years ago he picked up a paperback novel at the airport, thumbed through it on the flight and tossed it aside.

"I read a book," he announced to Betty when he got home.

"How did you like it?" she asked.

"Ridiculous," answered Bob.

Earlier this year Boyd was offered the L.A. Lakers' coaching job at a nice increase in salary. He turned it down, partly because USC upped his pay and partly because "Jimmy and my other sons wanted me to stay at USC. Jimmy's been exposed to all our sales talks, and when he heard I was just about set to take the job he ran into the house crying. 'If it's so great to be a Trojan,' he said, 'why become a Laker?'"

The talent on this season's USC team should be enough to keep Boyd around for at least the next three years. Junior Guard Dennis Layton scored 42 points over the weekend. Sophomore Westphal was right behind him, and sophomore Center Ron Riley pulled down 18 rebounds against Colorado. Boyd ran 10 players in and out of the games with little drop in quality.

It obviously is a very good team and it will be a lot better by the time Pacific Eight play starts in January. But it will be no catastrophe if USC fails to beat UCLA this year. Boyd gets every player except one back next season.

And, of course, young Bill Boyd will be coming along soon. If only to make it easier on his mother, he will probably be a Trojan. Recruiter Jim Helfner, who leaves little to chance, is drip, drip, dripping already.

THE WEEK

by PETER CARRY

MIDEAST Landlocked in the middle of Big Ten country, Mid-American Conference teams are usually unranked and underrated but rarely overimpressed by their bigger neighbors. Last week, as the Big Ten faltered to an embarrassing start—it was 13-10 in out-of-

league games and seven of the wins came in early season brushfires—the poor cousins in the MAC caused the reddest faces. Mid-American favorite Ohio University defeated Northwestern 90-79 and then stunned the Big Ten's top team, Purdue, by 80-79. Bobcat Coach Jim Snyder swarmed men around Bodenmaker Rick Mount, causing him to miss 20 of 32 shots. Ohio took over the lead for good with 1-34 to play on scrappy Guard John Canine's jumper and two free throws by burly Greg McDivitt, who finished with 20 points. Toledo, picked fifth in the MAC, made it a sweep for Mid-American teams in games with the Big Ten by stopping Michigan State 82-60.

Purdue's toughest challengers in the Big Ten, Ohio State and Illinois, redeemed the league's luster by winning important road games. Rugged Buckeye Center Dave Sorenson scored 31 points in a 96-92 win over improved Wake Forest, and the Illini had six men in double figures as they defeated Georgia 81-70. Wisconsin also remained unbeaten with 88-74 and 78-76 victories over weak Ball State and Southern Methodist.

"Our guards are good old-fashioned Democrats. They believe in giveaway programs," said Kentucky's Adolph Rupp after his team committed 25 turnovers in their opener against West Virginia. The Baron had little else to complain about, however, as the Wildcats ripped the Mountaineers 106-87 and then came back to humiliate Kansas 115-85, with Dan Issel scoring 63 points in the two games.

Pete Maravich shot as well as ever, hitting for 43 points, but other things have changed at Louisiana State. The Bayou Tigers put on an impressive team performance in a surprisingly easy 94-72 win over Oregon State. Maravich's slick floor play sparked the overall effort with seven assists.

Sophomores John Fraley and LaRue Martin made shining debuts for Cincinnati and Loyola of Chicago. Fraley totaled 35 points in the Bearcats' two wins, 99-64 over McMurry and 104-82 over Indiana State, almost despite his coach, Tay Baker. Baker held Fraley out of the starting lineup to keep the pressure off his young star, saying, "I'll put him in after the crowd settles down." The delay did not seem to help Fraley, who missed the rim and backboard with his first shot, but he then calmed down to surprise Ciné fans with some sharp passing as well as his expected hot shooting. Martin, at 6'9", the tallest starter George Ireland has ever had at Loyola, scored 54 points and grabbed 64 rebounds as the Ramblers defeated St. John's (Minn.) 92-65 and St. Thomas 81-60, but lost to Indiana 100-95.

Top independent Marquette nailed badly outmanned Wisconsin-Milwaukee 86-58 and Northern Michigan 98-60. Despite an ach-

continued

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ing sprained ankle, Sid Catlett came off the bench to score six points as Notre Dame, down by 12 points at one time, beat Michigan 87-86. The Irish also downed Minnesota 84-75.

1. KENTUCKY (2-0) 2. MARQUETTE (2-0)

MIDWEST

A new arena by any name was fine with the Houston Cougars, who had grown tired of their old dungeons. But Hofheinz Pavilion? The students thought not, preferring to name the place after Elton Hayes, the man who had meant most to Houston basketball, the Astroworld's money notwithstanding. Predictably they lost out, equally predictably the team did not. Opening against a weak schedule, the Cougars were 3-0 against Southwestern Louisiana (89-72), Texas at Arlington (88-70) and Centenary (70-64).

Southwest Conference favorite Texas kicked off its season with a 95-84 defeat of Mississippi. Sophs Lynn Howden and Eric Grossmarch combined to drop the Rebels with 43 points, and the Longhorns came back two nights later to hook Alabama 90-63.

Only Wit Chamberlain had a better opening game as a Kansas sophomore than Bud Stallworth, who scored 27 against Marshall in the Jayhawks' 96-80 victory. Stallworth, from Bartlesville, Ala., was discovered right on the KU campus by former Jayhawk star Jo Jo White, who noticed him playing a pickup game while Stallworth was at Kansas to participate in a music camp.

Four sophomores from Louisville's unbeaten freshman team of a year ago started in the Cardinals' opener, but their inexperience hardly bothered Coach John Drozmo's team. The one senior, Mike Gross, topped the scoring in the 99-63 win over Cal Riverside with 17 points, while three of the newcomers—Henry Bacon (16), Larry Carter (14) and Jim Price (13)—trailed close behind.

Colorado notched three wins to go with its loss to USC (poor 33). The Buffaloes trampled Air Force 81-58, Cal Irvine 80-65 and Cal Santa Barbara 73-70. Drake won twice, 106-80 over Wisconsin State and 86-62 over strong Iowa State, and Bradley picked up three victories. The Braves, who were hit hard by graduation and injured to eat humble pie this season, shot off to a fast start by knocking over Texas at Arlington 107-67, Minnesota-Duluth 114-81 and Northern Michigan 98-76.

1. LOUISVILLE (1-0) 2. COLORADO (3-0)

WEST

They have real roadrunners in New Mexico, not just the automakers' or the cartoonists' kind, but the genuine *Groovycex californiana*. So far sophomore Guard Milton Horne to earn

the nickname Roadrunner from New Mexico State fans, he had to be quick. He certainly was last week when he stepped in for the Aggies' injured senior playmaker, Charley Criss, and set a school record for assists (19) as State won 93-58 over Oklahoma Christian. Three days later Horne was streaking again in the Aggies' 108-76 victory against Wichita State, breaking his short-lived mark by four assists. In that game Forward Jeff Smith took advantage of the shooting room the Shockers left him as they collapsed on Sam Lacey and Jimmy Collins to score 32 points. Then Baylor found out what happens when Lacey and Collins are given maneuvering room. They combined for 45 points in the Aggies' 102-83 win over the Bears.

Defending champion UC LA had an easy time (90-65) with Arizona, but ran into trouble at Minnesota. The Bruins needed Sidney Wicks' tip-in at the buzzer to force the game into overtime and then a 27-foot jump shot, with 44 seconds remaining in the extra period, by sophomore Henry Bibbs to win 72-71.

Stanford visited Utah to help the Redskins dedicate their new 15,000-seat Wigwam and were scalped by the officials while losing 96-94. Utah had 15 fewer field goals than the visitors but ended up ahead 44-12 at the foul line, including 23 free throws by Guard Mike Newlin. That was too much even for the Salt Lake City press. "I never saw a team homered as unhandsoff as Stanford," wrote one observer. "The game did little to discredit Utah's high position in the homer poll," said another.

Back at the Wigwam five nights later the Redskins took a trim themselves from arch-rival Utah State. Playing before the largest basketball crowd in state history, the Aggies, led by Marv Roberts' 27 points and a defense that held Utah without a field goal for the last 8:24 of the game, won 90-72.

Ralph Ogden scored 41 points and Dennis Awrey 40 as Santa Clara overcame both San Francisco State 81-55 and Stanford 72-60. Weber State won twice, 59-53 against Sacramento State and 59-57 against Arizona State, but was trapped 72-68 in the University of Arizona's Bear Down Gym.

1. NEW MEXICO ST. (2-0) 2. UCLA (2-0)

EAST

Trying to look at the bright side after his No. 1-ranked team lost to Tennessee 55-34, South Carolina Coach Frank McGuire said, "I really believe this will take all the pressure off our boys." Vol Coach Ray Meyer thought he had beaten McGuire by taking the pressure off just two Gamecocks. Meyer let Bobby Cremins and John Ribick run free and instead concentrated his entire defense on Carolina's best shooters, John Roche, Tom Owens and Tom Riker. The gamble

paid off as the two unpressured men missed all their shots and Volunteer Don Johnson pumped in 18 points to lead his team.

The clock had not even started for Florida State's season opener at home when officials called a foul on the Seminoles. They hit Coach Hugh Durham with a technical, because the benches were placed at the end of the court rather than at the side, as the rules demand. Oregon State missed the free throw, and that was the extent of the difference in the 69-68 game. The Seminoles might have lost were it not for an equally rare technical call against the Beavers. With two seconds to play Oregon State pulled down a rebound and immediately called time "Technical," barked the referee, since the Beavers had already expended their allotted five timeouts. Durham picked Skip Young to shoot the free throw, because, "he was having stomach cramps and I figured he was the only man who had an excuse to miss." Excusable Young made the point, and Florida State completed its week with a bracing 100-84 romp over Oregon State's intrastate rival, Oregon.

Davidson has four starters back from last year's team, but it is a 6' 3" soph Guard Brian Adrian who has taken command of the Wildcats. In his first varsity game he scored 18 points as Davidson won over Furman 109-90. Then he stole the show, while the Wildcats stung Michigan 91-85. Adrian scored a team high of 24 points and pulled down 12 rebounds.

In upstate New York, St. Bonaventure's towering Bob Lanier and Niagara's tiny Calvin Murphy showed off new versatility. In the Bonnies' 106-54 romp over Detroit College, Lanier hit for his usual high percentage (17 of 26 shots) but surprised everyone by roaming outside and dropping in nine of 30 long attempts. Murphy's scoring was up to par (33 points) in his team's 94-54 win against Iona. His new twist was in assists. He had none, two on spectacular track passes.

Although missing four starters from last year's NIT champions, Temple upset St. John's 60-59 and then edged past Lehigh 73-70 and Rider 61-59. Columbia, Penn and Duquesne were also three-time winners. The Lions defeated CCNY 89-46, Northwestern 83-68 and NYU 71-59, while the Quakers stopped Muhlenberg 115-79, Rutgers 80-71 and Navy 80-66. The Dukes downed St. Vincent 123-55, Marshall 120-75 and Miami (Fla.) 94-88. Syracuse showed unexpected rebounding strength in winning over Buffalo 90-64 and Fordham 97-89, and North Carolina took two laughers, 112-47 over Florida Southern and 100-52 against Mercer. Fifteen Tar Heels scored in the first game and 14 in the second.

1. DUQUESNE (2-0) 2. DAVIDSON (2-0)

♦ Last year, despite rigorous training under the eye of a Canadian Football League veteran, **Prime Minister Trudeau** flubbed the kickoff of the Grey Cup classic—the ball sailed five feet, rolled five more (54, Dec. 9, 1988). This year he was careful not to overtrain and, jaunty in a white cap and flowing muffler, he got off a 28-footer—24 feet in the air, four feet on the ground. Obviously less practice makes perfect—Trudeau broke the late **Viscount Alexander of Tunis'** record by one yard.

During halftime of the Saints-Eagles game in New Orleans **Carol Channing** made an entrance to the strains of *Hello, Dolly*. Riding a camel, she looked more like Mame, and what she sang was from *Genderson Prefer Blondes—Dussards Are a Girl's Best Friend*. **Gentleman John McEon Jr.**, the Saints' owner, responded by presenting her with a diamond-studded football, eliciting the response that it was "just what I

needed!" But **Miss Channing** backed the wrong camel. In a match race (against another camel) hers lost, even though **Larry Snyder**, the nation's leading jockey in races won, was up.

♦ Actor **Robert Morley** has just talked his mother-in-law into buying half a racehorse. He himself bought a whole one, after years of going shares, but he is not as aquatic as **man-in-law Dame Gladys Cooper**. "I can't think why I never bought a horse before," says **Dame Gladys**, who will be 81 this week. "I'm terribly excited about it all! I will start racing it next spring under my own name and my own colors. My colors are light blue, dark blue and mauve, and I first used them many years back when I organized a theater cricket team. I chose the varying shades of blue to match the colors of delphiniums, of which I am very fond." The owner of the other half of the brown-yearling colt is **Mr. Alan Palmer**, of the **Huntley & Palmers** confectionery company. May the blue, mauve and blue never crumble!

At the 1987 University of Louisville football banquet, then county judge and present U.S. Senator **Marlow Cook** won the autographed football. This year the number of Louisville Mayor **Frank Burke** was drawn—on the day after his inauguration—making it two times out of three that the ball has gone to a politician. Dark insinuations are lost upon the new mayor, however. **Sad Burke** cheerfully, "This is the first scandal of my administration."

Sweden may have outlawed boxing, but according to the Stockholm paper *Aftonbladet* the move won't interfere with **Floyd Patterson**'s intentions of earning a living there. "I've had plans for a long time to live in Swe-



den some months of each year," *Aftonbladet* quotes him as saying, "and now I've decided to go to work on them. I'll get myself a restaurant somewhere in the area of Stockholm." **Floyd** already has family (ties with Sweden—his present wife, **Janet**, is of Swedish descent, and his brother **Ray** is operating a gas station in Mölndal. For friends, he knows that he can count on the entire population, which has worshipped him for years. And as for patrons of a new restaurant, there's always **Ingemar (Gothenburg Fats) Johansson**, these days practically a clientele in himself.

One might say that **Bob Feller** and **Denny McLain** have pitched themselves into jams. **Feller's** trouble is 10 checks that bounced when he wrote them (by mistake, he claims) on closed bank accounts, while **McLain** is faced with a pair of lawsuits and has had his airplane taken away. One suit seeks collection of \$10,000 on a \$10,500 promissory note **Denny** used as the down payment on his new Cessna, plus \$3,500 for odds and ends, like gas. **Cessna** has repossessed the plane pending settlement and for safekeeping has chained it to a runway at a Boulder, Colo. airport. The other suit is for \$600 worth of storage fees and gas at a suburban Detroit airport,

and the claimants there may wish they had thought of chaining down the plane in question, an Aero Commander on lease to **Denny**. After a fust about the second batch of bulls, in which an airport attendant got a bloody nose, **McLain** and his pilot had to be headed off at the flight line by squad cars.

"It is not as if we were fighting a losing battle. We haven't even started to fight at all," said **Prince Philip** recently, addressing the University of Edinburgh on the subject of environmental pollution. **Philip** had heard it said in Canada that if anyone fell into Lake Erie he would not drown, he would just decay. "It so happens that all [Western Europe's] main rivers drain into three inland seas, the Mediterranean, the Baltic and the North Sea," he continued. "If these . . . are not to go the same way as Lake Erie, we will need to start taking drastic action right away. . . . This process can be reversed . . . but there is a solid mass of vested interests ranged against any rapid action." While **Philip** thus earnestly advocated getting a move on with regard to pollution, he also observed a bit glumly, "I rather suspect it has already overtaken our present capacity to deal with it."

Kiliguni Lodge, in Kenya, is busily preparing for a visit next month from a royal game-watcher, **King Frederik of Denmark**. This principally involves the solution of what has been referred to as "the problem of King Fred's bed." His Majesty being almost 6' 6" tall and beds at **Kiliguni** only 6 feet long. Sikh and African carpenters are putting together a properly majestic structure which, a lodge spokesman says confidently, will be "not only long enough, but broad enough. His wife, **Queen Ingrid**, is coming too."

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For the Saints, realignment is a love-in

In their fumbling attempts to rearrange the NFL, the owners have agreed on one thing: each wants to be in a division with New Orleans, which has the biggest stadium (above), good weather and only a fair team

Sometime late this month, the 13 remaining NFL owners (Cleveland, Baltimore and Pittsburgh are in the AFL next year) will probably meet in New York to try to realign the league into three divisions—two containing four teams and one five. The owners have wrangled through three meetings so far without arriving at an alignment agreeable to all of the clubs, and it's even money that it will take them somewhat longer to do so than it took the 13 colonies to come up with the Constitution.

At the moment Commissioner Pete Rozelle is seeing the owners one at a time, using his considerable powers of diplomacy. "I go to see some of them and some of them come to see me," he said last week. "When we have arrived at the best possible compromise, we'll have the meeting."

This piecemeal approach was prompted by the difficulty of discussing realignment in general session. "When all the owners are in one room, it leads to polar-

ization and makes agreement almost impossible," says Tex Schramm, the president of the Dallas Cowboys. "We probably never would have reached agreement on the merger if the negotiations hadn't been put on a personal level."

Three factors determine the desirability of a team as a member of a division: weather, stadium capacity and present and potential playing capability. In these regards the New Orleans Saints are the best club in the NFL. Tulane Stadium seats 80,997. New Orleans is halmy, if a bit wet at times; and the Saints are an expansion team that, most likely, is two or three years away from being a serious contender.

At the other end of the scale are the Minnesota Vikings. The Vikes play in Metropolitan Stadium, which seats only 47,693 frostbitten customers, but, more important, the Vikes are very, very good and very young. Any team in the same division with the Vikings for the next few years can expect to suffer finan-

cially, physically and in the standings.

At present the Vikings are in the Central Division with Green Bay, Detroit and Chicago—a division known, understandably, as the Snow Belt. The other three members of the division wouldn't mind sticking together if they could trade Minnesota for a team like Dallas or Atlanta. New Orleans would be acceptable, too, except that Owner John Mecom Jr. would jump to the Canadian League before he would agree.

"I think we are flexible," Schramm says, but then adds, "We're willing to go West, East or South. We train in California and we have established preseason rivalries with the Rams and the 49ers. We've played in the East ever since 1961 and we've established rivalries with the Eastern clubs. We've begun a real rivalry with New Orleans in the South and we're a Southern team anyway."

Schramm, like almost every other NFL owner or president, is hard put to discover any reason why he should move

North. "It doesn't make sense," he says. "It would be difficult to establish long-range rivalries. We've spent years developing those rivalries in the East and we would have to start all over. And our location makes us a warm-weather team. Our players live and practice in warm weather. The players in Green Bay, Detroit, Chicago and Minnesota live and practice in cold weather. It's unfair to ask us to play under completely alien conditions at least three times a year."

The Cowboys would seem to be a plum for any division, but they aren't eagerly sought. The Cotton Bowl (72,000) is certainly big enough and, although Dallas isn't as warm as Los Angeles or New Orleans, it isn't frigid, either. But the Cowboys, like the Vikings, may be in the early years of a dynasty and no one wants to be locked into a division with a perennial champion.

Most clubs will compromise on stadium size or December weather; the sticking point in the negotiations has been the quality of the competition. "The weather isn't that big a factor," Rozelle points out. "To take an extreme example, say Atlanta was put into the Central Division with the four clubs already there. It wouldn't do much to the clubs now in the division. Each of them would play in Atlanta once, and all four of them couldn't play there in December. So it would probably mean a warm-weather date in December for one or two of the clubs. The same holds true, of course, for New Orleans or Dallas."

The stadium size problem can be solved by a proposal already discussed in the meetings. To make sure that there would be no disparity in attendance income, the clubs in a division would pool their away-game revenues. If, because of the luck of the intersectional draw, one club had markedly less away-game revenue at the end of the season, it would draw from the pool.

The competitive aspect is thornier, but it, too, could be solved. One suggestion is that the teams be put in divisions according to their ability, as is done in soccer in England. There, the best clubs make up the first division, second-best the second and so on. At the end of the season the top two teams in the second division move up and the bottom two teams in the first drop down, etc. This system has the advantage of keeping interest alive for last-place clubs, but it has the disadvantage of eliminating

continued

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Schramm shuddered when he found out that under this scheme the Cowboys would be in a division with Los Angeles, Minnesota and Detroit. "One big problem is that no one wants to be locked into a division he doesn't like," he says. "Maybe we should have seedings. The three best teams by win-loss percentage would be split up, one to a division. Then the next three and so forth. I don't know what that would do to traditional rivalries, but it would insure against having two clubs like Baltimore and L.A. knocking each other out in the same division year after year."

Schramm's idea would put one very good, one good, one pretty good and one bad team in each division. Presumably the five-team division would have two bad clubs. "At least no one would be permanently attached to a division," he says. "It would probably be a lot easier to agree on realignment if it wasn't permanent."

By the terms of the merger only two teams are married. The Rams and the 49ers must be in the same division. The New York Giants would probably like to keep their long-standing rivalries with the Philadelphia Eagles and the Washington Redskins, and it would be unthinkable to separate the Chicago Bears and the Green Bay Packers after nearly 50 years of intercity competition.

In the horse trading to date, the owners have come up with alignments that were within one or two votes of unanimous agreement, but in each case the one or two negative votes came from teams saddled with so unfair a schedule that no one really expected them to go along. Says Rozelle: "Actually, the schedules that were fairest to most teams—or least unfair to the unhappy teams—were defeated by votes like 9-4 or 8-5."

The realignment, whatever it is, won't be permanent. Although there are no immediate plans for expansion, the NFL will, eventually, mushroom to 32 teams. "We've moved pretty fast in the last few years," Rozelle says. "We've added four expansion teams and negotiated the merger and now we have to sit back and take stock of what we've done. We have to solidify the league on quality and on economics. We aren't working on expansion, but I should think that expansion will come sometime in the next decade."



ROZELLE SEES NFL TEAMS IN TAMPA, BIRMINGHAM. SCHRAMM OPTS FOR HAWAII



When it does come, it isn't likely to be creeping expansion, as in the past when teams were added at the rate of one a year. "We have nothing to gain by adding one, two, three or anything less than six teams," says Schramm. "The next logical change is from our present setup to 32 teams, split into eight four-team divisions, four divisions in each of two leagues, two divisions to a conference. That would lead to logical playoffs between divisions, conferences and leagues."

Rozelle agrees. Where he and Schramm differ is on possible locations but, as Rozelle points out, any discussion of sites is premature.

"I would like to see an international flavor," Schramm says. "The six new cities could be Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Hawaii, Mexico City and Seattle. They would all come in at once, draft veterans from the 26 existing clubs and then participate in the college draft."

"They could make up their own division for the first few years or until they reached parity with the veteran teams. That way, they wouldn't be at the bottom of a veteran division, but they would be playing the established clubs in interdivisional games. Any expansion team needs several years to catch up. Why not let all six of them catch up together?"

There are some flaws in Schramm's proposal, which is similar to the ex-

pansion method adopted by the National Hockey League. For one, the Canadian clubs would all be cold-weather teams. As Rozelle says, "Any move into Canada would have to be predicated on domed stadiums. And there are many good locations in the United States, with more coming, I think. Places like Birmingham, Tampa, Phoenix—I don't want to get into specific locations. We have to wait and see what develops."

Obviously, when the six new teams are ready to graduate from their kindergarten division, Rozelle will have the whole realignment problem to go through once more. It won't be as easy next time, if easy is the right word. All 32 teams will be thrown into the hopper and, instead of 13 recalcitrant owners, Rozelle will be dealing with 32, 26 of whom will want to be assured of competing with at least one of the new division graduates in a domed stadium in Canada or else in Hawaii.

Last week Rozelle had set aside his realignment problems for the moment and was meeting with TV executives. Of course, the realignment must be finished in time for the NFL to renegotiate its television contracts, which expire at the end of the season; the networks aren't anxious to buy a pig in a poke. So, in the end, TV is once again the determining factor in the organization of pro football. **END**

Guru of Gulf Coast fishing

Oceanographer Norman Gibbs Vick has located the place where the marlin roam, and now he is out to do as much for the amberjack

We keep zapping guys onto the moon, but we don't even know what's around the corner in the bay." N. G. Vick, marine biologist

For Norman Gibbs Vick, admiral of marlin, amberjack and assorted porpoises, crabs and octopuses, it was a 19-

word personality profile. The inflective "to zap" is part of a vocabulary in which storms are "walloons," fish are "animals" and misery is to be "on the hull" or stuck ashore, which is what provoked his strong sense of irony in the first place. The walloon that could easily have

drowned him, he pointed out, was to the astronauts but an invisible swirl on a pea-sized ball. And, he kept thinking, why was everyone walking around moon-eyed anyway? Hadn't he felt that same sense of wonder nearly every day of his adult life just looking at the sea?

Since 1961 Vick's eyes have been open wide at the Gulf of Mexico off Panama City, Fla., where he is the Eastern Gulf Marine Laboratory, part of the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Vick's work with a marlin-filled ocean river called the Loop Current is already a Gulf Coast legend. Two years before he came to Panama City little was known about the Loop, and only one marlin had been caught on rod and reel in the northeastern Gulf. Last year 1,510 were brought into Destin, Fla. alone.

To Vick, the Loop Current is a restless, living thing, a great liquid serpent that sleeps the winter curled around western Cuba, then starts northward in spring, a deepening inverted U, fed by warm expanding currents from the south. By early July it is 85 to 180 miles off the Mississippi Delta, sliding eastward over the walls of the continental shelf, its top and right leg roughly paralleling the shoreline from Louisiana to southwest Florida. And two days out of three, from mid-April to early November, Vick is probing its course. For four consecutive springs Vick has caught the first marlin in the eastern Gulf.

"It should be called Vick's Current," says Harley Howcott Sr., of the New Orleans Big Game Fishing Club, one of many such groups indebted to Vick for his gathered information. "He's out there in rough seas doing things that many scientists try to do behind a desk."

Despite his local fame, no one on the Panama City fishing docks knows any Norman Gibbs Vick. There he is "Guru" or "Ole Man," "Dr. Vick" or "Vick"—Guru because the term suggests knowledge and they are awed by his, Ole Man because most of his friends are younger than he (probably because few men his own age, 39, could ever keep up with his seemingly endless physical energy), and Dr. Vick, though it is technically incorrect, because he knows so much. He says he is just too busy right now to complete a doctoral thesis.

Vick's land base is four drab rooms full of charts and bottles of fish in formaldehyde in a one-story building a

restaurant



VICK PREPARES TO TAKE A CRACK AT SWORDFISH OFF THE FLORIDA SHORE

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block from the marina in Panama City's St. Andrews section. He is rarely there. "I'm a field researcher," he says, "not one of those 8-to-5 sports-coat types, with nothing to worry about but whether their coffee pot's gonna bubble."

One rainy day Vick was on the hill, and he was violently landsick. He drove down to a waterfront fishermen's hang-out to commiserate with his sickle. Raymond Groom, whom for no particular reason Vick prefers to call Ralph. Groom works a midnight to 8 a.m. shift with the telephone company, leaving his days free to make trips with Vick. For months they had been daydreaming of broadbill swordfish, unknown in the Gulf until shrimp trawlers and longline fishermen recently caught more than 50.

"'C'mon, Ole Man," Groom said, "you can't get swords sittin' here in the lounge. Why don't we just get down and start her up now. Why wait until tomorrow?"

Vick was deep in thought. "In the last three years I've had eight 12 O reels emptied," he finally said. "They might've been tunas, but maybe they were swords." Minutes passed and no one spoke.

The door opened, and Vick's wife Melinda, or Missy, walked in. "Well, well, it's Ole Missy," he says. Ole Missy is 28 and pretty, 11 years younger than her husband. "Now, Missy," he cautioned, "don't you get me an' Ralph in trouble. If anyone calls jus' tell 'em we're 200 miles offshore an' won't be back for six weeks. Missy's a good example of the kinda wife who doesn't expect you home at 5 o'clock," he added in an aside. One Monday morning he headed offshore, promising to be back Tuesday for supper and a movie. He finally tied up at the dock at sundown the following Saturday. Missy and Ralph's wife Alma are a familiar sight pacing the St. Andrews pier, dressed up ready to go somewhere.

Vick met Missy when she was a student in his classical-zoology class at Sam Houston State College. It wasn't a promising romance. He was bringing up three children from a previous marriage and was recovering from a somewhat demanding athletic schedule. He had been riding bulls and horses bareback with the SHSC rodeo team, champions of the National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association. He quit soon after meeting Missy, but he had already been thrown

twice, breaking both collarbones and his nose, and then he was kicked in the mouth by a horse, losing 14 teeth, which is why today he has the brightest smile ever seen on a 39-year-old marine scientist.

As Vick spoke about Missy, the rain stopped and through the window a salmon-colored sunset appeared. Ralph was even more pleased than Vick, but not for scientific reasons. He is the local gourmet, and if they could get off the hill he would have an excuse to make a pot of crab gumbo, his specialty.

Next morning, at 8 a.m., Ralph was on the dock planning meals. First a gumbo. Then he would catch a rare black snapper—"the best eatin' fish of all." Vick was facing up the 43-foot R V *Rachel Carson*, formerly the *Tully Ho* but renamed by Vick in 1966 for his heroine, after its presentation to the bureau by millionaire sportsman Elgin (Bo Jo) Del Guercio.

Soon Vick was headed out to his 615,000-square-mile field office. The area to be fished was 110 miles to the southwest. We would sleep the night at sea, then continue on in the morning. Again the talk was of swordfish. In the great fishery of the North Atlantic swords are taken at the surface, where they come up from the cold depths to digest their food. But though they are rarely seen on top in the warmer Gulf, Vick has eyes for what is happening 600 feet down.

"We think we're gonna get that sword," he said. "If a long-line can catch 'em on a cable with dead shrimp, we can certainly do it with a live blackfin tuna on monofilament line."

Suddenly off the bow a dozen or so flying fish left the water, followed by a bright male dolphin, who got the one he had his eyes on. "Yessir," Vick commented, "it's a vacuous environment out here. All an animal has to do to get killed is just slow down a little. That's why sailfish don't live very long. They're frail anyway, an' when they start gettin' big they get unwieldy an', zap, somethin' gets 'em." He looked thoughtful for a moment. "Suppose," he finally said, "you put five pounds of sailfish eggs in a bucket with the necessary quantity of sperm. Why, you'd spawn more sails than are born in the Gulf in a whole year."

As if this were enough to ponder for a while, Vick fell silent. When he spoke again he reminded Ralph of the time he

bought a northern lobster on a trip to Rhode Island. "I nursed it all the way down here in seaweed," he said, chuckling. "brought it into the fish market and said I caught it out in the bay. Well, the guy went crazy. He got so excited he traded me his baby sailfish, and they're rare as hell."

Such frequent, unpredictable jumps in his thinking are just one of the things that make Vick seem ageless. At times he seems 50, at others 25 but, strangely, hardly ever 39. He just knows, and has done, too much for such a young man, and the deep crows's feet and horizontal creases on his forehead give him a weathered look. But they add character to an otherwise youthful, tanned face. Always there is the quick smile, the hard, powerful body and the restless energy of the very young. Norman Vick is never bored. Maybe it is the uncertainty of his work schedule. Next time the old 6:08 is late, commuter, think about what happened to Guru that night: 50 miles at sea, too rough to go home in the dark, and the nearest oyster bar 400 feet away—straight down. Oh, there were ingredients for crab gumbo aboard, but at 45° angles the *Rachel Carson*'s stove tends to reject pots and pans. Luckily the radar screen revealed a large head boat nearby "full of horns"—Vick's term for greenhorns, or landlubbers—and he tied up behind the big boat for the night. As bedtime approached, there was the persistent lullaby from the sister craft of seacock horns wishing they were dead. "Might as well turn in," Vick said, joking, it seemed certain, but five minutes later he was asleep down below. I stretched out on a bunk and seconds later was dumped to the floor, shielding my eyes from small objects that flew around like shooting stars. All night the head gurgled and every joint in the boat creaked. Vick slept like a baby, seemingly suctioned to his bunk.

Vick awoke at dawn, crept into the engine hatch to make an adjustment, and the hatch cover crashed down on his head. Brushing a trickle of blood from his brow, he exclaimed, "What kind of moron would get involved in something like this when he has a college degree and could get a job in industry for three times the salary?" He paused as he climbed out of the hatch. "Sull," he finally said, "I'd hate to wake up tomorrow and have to go sell used cars."

At 7 a.m. wall-on clouds to the east

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FISHING continued

and south signaled more rough weather. It was also the signal for the end of our trip.

That night, at Vick's apartment, Ralph finally made his crab gumbo, and it may be the best in the world. After everyone had about 11 helpings Vick spoke of his career's inauspicious beginning. He'd never considered going to college and during high school cut enough classes to major in fishing. Two days before his June 1948 graduation he and a friend loaded up an old station wagon with tackle and camping equipment and headed for Alaska. They took an occasional odd job when money ran low, caught hundreds of big trout and wound up north of Fairbanks in October, before heading back. "I was afraid it was gonna snow on me," Vick recalls, a fear that still has him in awe of anyone who has lived through a winter north of the Mason-Dixon Line. He returned to Texas, where he might be a shrimp sealer today but for an old employer who provided funds to get him started at Sam Houston State College. "He thought I could read and write," Vick recalls, "and where I lived that was an unusual asset." Nine months into college, though, the draft threatening, he signed up for a 3½-year hitch in the Marines, fished in Puerto Rico and Mexico's Sea of Cortés and grew up. When he returned to college he had decided on his life's work.

Vick's primary concern today is the large migratory ocean fishes, but no one has yet complained when he comes inshore to do something that might make a lot of Floridians richer and happier.

Four times in the past two years he has transported two- to nine-inch striped bass from the North and helped plant them in nearby Choctawhatchee Bay and River, where a sea trout population had been failing. Vick had studied the environment, concluding that stripers might fill the gap and create a fishery so economically successful that no one would allow industry to move in. Sixteen months after stocking, excited natives were catching 13-inch stripers. "Those ole folks go out with their cane poles," Vick says grinning. "an' when one of 'em gets his butt torn off by a six- or seven-pounder we're gonna have some fine fishin'." Finally the people are benefiting from something the Government did.

Two days after the unsuccessful swordfish trip Vick got out again—this time

for amberjack—to a Navy research platform 13 miles offshore. His work with amberjack is fishing insurance, plan and sample. Commercial net-boat captains have built an industry with kingfish, but some commercial men are hauling in 30,000 pounds a day, and Vick says there may not be any left in 10 years. Since 1966 he has been catching and tagging amberjack, studying their movements to see if he can establish a fishery for them by building artificial reefs.

"There's gonna be a day when the amberjack is our main game fish," Vick says. "He's the man. Most fishermen in the U.S. have never been completely overpowered by a fish. Well, an amberjack can accommodate them. If you want your damn pole bent and your string stretched the amberjack is the man to talk to."

On the way offshore Vick and Ralph trolled jugs on light rods and caught two dozen blue runners, the best amberjack bait. At the platform they trolled close to the legs, but time after time the blue runners were either shredded or brought back inside three- or four-foot barracuda, good fighters but not jacks.

Finally a reel screeched with a hubber pitch. "Amberjack," Vick said. Against a tight drag with 60-pound line, the jack shot under the platform and broke off. "A little one," Vick said, "maybe 20 pounds." It happened three more times with the last of the blue runners, and that was it. Vick was right about amberjack. It might take years to hook one you get to see, but a lot of people would pay to try.

On the way back Vick relaxed in his chair on the *Rachel Carson's* flying bridge. "One of my secret desires," he said, "is to take some of those ole tankers in Mobile Bay an' sink 'em offshore. We already fish one 600-footer, but it's too far off for most boats. It's fantastic fishin': amberjacks, black grouper, war-saws as big as they grow, red snapper, kings, dolphins, an' the most thrilling thing is one of Ralph's black snappers. They don't occur very often in the Gulf. If you had that ship nearby it'd be worth millions in recreational fishing." Ecstatic at the prospect, he leaned back and closed his eyes. Finally he stretched and shook his head. "You know," he said, "it's a tough business being a man. But to be one you've gotta produce. You've just gotta turn something out. I don't care if it's chickens."

END

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SKIING / William Johnson

A surprising number of American girls are training valiantly against heavy odds to catch up with dominant Europe in cross-country racing

Some new babes in the woods

To look at them, they would seem freshly cut from the pages of Lousa May Alcott. They have cherry cheeks that need no rouge, complexions of outdoor children, the clear eyes of guileless girls. There is in all of them a delicacy of little womanhood. They seem suited to a fragile world of needlepoint and powder puffs. But do not be deceived. For these young ladies belong to the new U.S. women's cross-country ski team. How they look and what they do are far different things; there are several grounds on which they can easily take the measure of an average Green Beret.

For example, Barbara Brisch, 18, of

Anchorage, Alaska, is fair and lovely, and she can march on skis through the deepest frozen woods for 15 miles before lunch and still giggle over her soup. Martha Rockwell, 24, a willowy one from Putney, Vt., does not swoon after bicycling 70 miles in a morning workout. Trudy Owen, 17, from Wilson, Wyo., snub-nosed and freckled, loves few things more than several vigorous hours of chopping wood. Alison Owen, 16, of Wenatchee, Wash., slim and blonde, topees 20 miles, then lifts weights before breakfast. And Mary Pendleton, 18, of Lyndonville, Vt., dark and queenly even in a sweat suit, does wind sprints

by the hour up the steepest hillsides she can find. Yes, and there are other ladies like them, equally tuned.

This year some 20 girls are training desperately to make the U.S. team that will compete in the FIS World Nordic Championships in mid-February at Vysoké Tatry, Czechoslovakia. It is a special year, for it is the first in which American women will be fully represented in all those rugged cross-country events—the five- and 10-kilometer races and the 15-kilometer relay. By Nordic world standards, 20 candidates is not enough, but until this year American girls have steadily shunned cross-country skiing with all the determination of women whose minds are firmly made up. And with good reason: there is perhaps no cruder contest known to womankind.

Nordic skiing requires the stamina of a small locomotive, the determination of a decathlon star and all the graceful resilience of a ballet dancer. True grit, indeed. Further, there is little of the dazzle and glamour in the Nordic events that the belles of the Alpine scene enjoy. No fanny-flattering tapered pants to lure looks in the lobbies, no dashing TV announcers, no subservient corps of manufacturers' agents ready to wax one's skis or huckle one's boots. There is not even the theatrical satisfaction enjoyed by those noncompetitive bunnies who can pose on a slope while others whistle. In cross-country skiing there is but a single track, the silent woods and thou.

The Nordic lass must be satisfied with more ethereal joys. She dresses in prim, almost old-fashioned wear—knickerbockers, thick wool socks, low-cut shoes and narrow (1½") wooden skis with their tips drawn up in arching curves like runners on a horse-drawn cutter. The skiing style is immensely graceful, but it demands driving power through the thighs, a shooting kind of manly stride through the snow and a piston-pumping motion of the arms and shoulders to keep the rhythm strong. A skier proceeds in a semicrouch, her head nearly erect, her eyes gazing (quite grimly) down the track. There is no place for swooping Christy or crowd-pleasing pirouettes in this sport. As a day's runs progress, kilometer after kilometer after kilometer falls behind at a brutally quick pace, and there is anguish etched

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on every face. The girls' features grow drawn and oddly pale; this is the looseness of long distance and only the strongest people can take it.

"These girls are more serious and not so glibly as the Alpine skiers," says Gloria Chadwick, a kind of housemother for U.S. girl competitors and a former Nordic skier herself. "They need more of a store outlook since they get so little attention. And since they have to train by themselves so much, they have to appreciate the special feeling of being alone in a woods." Still, there are certain advantages to cross-country skiing over the dazzle of the downhill. One is that women can compete to a far riper age (it is not unusual in Europe to find lady champions in their 30s) and it is far less dangerous than Alpine skiing—a point worth considering for the married woman and mother. And any glamour they may miss at home is more than made up in Europe, where Nordics are nifty.

A U.S. women's cross-country ski team has been a rather unfinished entity for the past two years and interest has grown slowly. Perhaps this is because most Americans have held a magnificently warped image of such girls being about as feminine as a steel puddler. To straighten out this view, Al Merrill, at that time the head Nordic coach, prodded the U.S. Skiing Association to bring Sweden's premier Nordic skiers, Barbro Martinsson and Toini Gustafsson (two gold medals in the '68 Olympics), to the U.S. in 1967 for a series of cross-country ski clinics. Seeing the dainty ways of these ladies helped stir some interest, for obviously a girl did not need to become a Valkyrie to succeed at the sport. Earlier, after Alison Owen ran one leg of a boys' relay race in a junior national championship, reluctant leaders of the U.S. Ski Association agreed there was probably enough interest to sanction a women's Nordic team.

Things have progressed surprisingly well ever since: last winter three American girls, Barbara Britch, Trudy Owen and Mary Pendleton, entered some races in Sweden and did reasonably well. And now all is set for the initial plunge into international competition via Vysoké Tatry. At the moment there is only a token \$10,000 available to finance the team's training and all transportation expenses, and only four girls (to be chosen in trials at Lake Placid, N.Y. and Putney,

Vt. in January), Miss Chadwick and the team coach, Martin Hall, 32, of Norweh, Vt., will make the trip.

Hopes are fairly high. "These girls can ski every bit as well technically as the Europeans," said Marty Hall. "What they need now is to develop more stamina. And there is only one way to do that—with miles and miles and miles and miles...." Two weeks ago the girls assembled at Winter Park, Colo. for a week-long training session, and in the rarefied air of 10,000 feet they charged again and again around the deep-track courses (cut by a snowmobile, racking up 25, 30, 50 kilometers a day through the serene forest, up steep banks, down curling runs. By evening the ladies seemed temporarily knocked out as they struggled off the course, but, true to their sex, they managed to arrive at dinner perfectly primed, wearing dresses and seemingly fresh from lounging the day away with bonbons and a good book. Some are so young that no sooner was dinner over than they returned to their rooms to do algebra problems so they wouldn't fall behind in their schoolwork.

Their coaches, Hall and John Curtis of Jackson Hole, Wyo., were delighted with the progress. "I think they're going to do better than the men in Czechoslovakia, off the record," said Hall. "These kids are so determined to do well that one of them—maybe Barbara Britch or Martha Rockwell—might finish in the top ten. Don't be surprised, they're really in fine shape."

Perhaps they have become tough as commandos, but they are still terribly conscious of being girls. "All our exercises are done to strengthen our long muscles, not the little bunchy ones," said Barbara Britch. Trudy Owen, the wood-chopper, chimed in, "No boy likes a girl with biceps." And Martha Rockwell said, "The only problem with any of this is that you just have to wait for a boy who loves to run before you get a very active social life. Most of them don't understand what we're doing."

Well, the lovely little women of U.S. Nordic skiing may not have to worry so much about people understanding them in the future. For one thing, touring on skis is rapidly becoming a major pastime. And, who knows? By the Olympics of 1972—given their progress to date—perhaps a medal could show the public just what it is they're up to. **END**

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THIS MAN FIRED FLIPPER

He is Joe Robbie, a Lebanese lawyer out of South Dakota and the owner of the Miami Dolphins, who likes to play touch football with his kids but can't figure out why he isn't loved. Of course, he thought the world's most adorable mascot was an extravagance

by Mark Kram

Joe Robbie is an owner in pro football, which means he should have a III or a IV after his name and emit a fragrance of old-old money or, considering the decline of everything these days, some new, new money with the smudge of heavy industry or the stain of oil on it. For the privileges of a franchise, primarily the one of making more money, the owner is expected to avoid publicity and sign the checks promptly. He can, though, sit on the bench in his well-tailored suit practice expressions of emotion, and one day even make a banal contribution to a title celebration on television. But none of this is Joe Robbie, which is one of the reasons why not many can understand how Joe Robbie became and remains an owner in pro football.

To those who appraise style with a jeweler's eye, Joe just isn't right, especially not for Miami, the capital of the smooth facade. He looks like the business agent for a labor union, wears electric-green anklets, and his grip on a cocktail glass is that of a longshoreman holding a schooner of beer. Is this image the real one? Is there a darker side—or a lighter one? In any event, how can an unheeled prize-lawyer control the Miami Dolphins? Nobody really knows, except the people he used and Joe Robbie himself. But indisputably, he is a preeminent figure among the main odd, secret harvesters of wealth in Miami and easily one of the most provocative names in all of football.





JOE ROBBIE

"Everybody knows Joe Robbie," says Raleigh Tower. "You walk down Biscayne Boulevard in front of the Everglades Hotel and eight out of 10 people will say, if asked, 'Joe Robbie?' Why, he's that son of a something on the 11th floor of that building.'"

"You hate him?"

"No, I don't hate him," says Tower, who after starting the Dolphin radio network was eliminated by Robbie. "If I hated him, I could have had him killed. I declined. I'll take care of him myself. Without a gun. He'll break one day. Every time I see him, I say, 'Hello, Joe, you son of a something, how are you?'"

Insinuation of blood line aside, the comic truth or trouble is that everyone knows or thinks he knows Joe Robbie. He is, the pitch goes, odd, secret and reprehensible. He is odd, to some, because

he doesn't have a middle initial, hardly ever signs checks promptly, if at all, and not being a wasteful man, would never allow himself to be drenched with champagne; he would, it is felt, drink it and then sell the bottles as souvenirs. Joe Robbie is already celebrated as the man who fired Flipper, the movie star dolphin who used to cavort in a tank in the end zone. Robbie got rid of Flipper because the city of Miami and the Seaquarium refused to pay for tank repairs and the cost of transporting the animal to and from the Orange Bowl. Robbie is secret because he is Lebanese, a fact that conjures up intrigue to a citizenry that is conditioned to a Meyer Lansky and the town's nest of international sale crackers. He's reprehensible because, well, he's just reprehensible.

Joe Robbie, it is clear, doesn't light

up any rooms with his presence, but he is a singular entity as an owner. In many ways he is almost a period piece, not unlike (on a limited scale) the Morgans and the Rockefellers and other despotic emperors of commerce, now deified as philanthropists. He certainly has their tunnel vision, their touch at the wheel and deal and their insensitivity to intimidation, all of which prompts even his detractors to suggest that he may be without peer in the coterie corner of sports finance. He is, they say, a shrewd manipulator of men and money, tough as a wharf rat and as charming as a rent collector.

Estimates of the fortune he has made out of Miami football confuse Robbie. "Pure nonsense," he says. If he sold, he says, three or four million would satisfy him. But, really, he adds, "I'm not truly interested in the money." The inflection, the Lyndon Johnson sincerity, carries the right touch for one who qualifies as the poorest man to obtain a sports franchise in the last 20 years, contrary to rumors, he wasn't out in front of a Kuwait oil combine or a Persian rug monopoly. He was, too, unique in other ways. From far off in Minnesota, he was leading a Lebanese consortium, composed of Actor Danny Thomas and Entrepreneur George Hamid, in an assault to the jugular of suspicious Southerners and sniffling sophisticates. Besides, whoever heard of an Arab running anything in Miami? Thomas and Hamid soon found an exit, but not Robbie. He had found an arena (a graveyard for pro football, many thought) worthy of his broken field agility.

Pro football, especially with a new league and expansion, had changed. To some extent it was similar to its early days, that time of the scramble and the gamble. It was, of course, no longer as crude, but the door was flung open for careful plundering. All during the '50s and '60s football was that great bauble that hung up there in finance, just ripe for picking. It offered rich lodes of television revenue and great liquidity: there were no charge accounts and, even better, those who wanted to be assured of a seat paid for the privilege well in advance. One owner, a very prosperous



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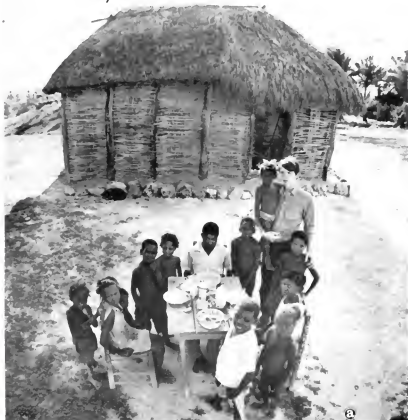


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oilman, described a franchise as the surest kind of gamble. With intricate tax escapes and the growing power of the collateral itself, few owners would have to tap resources. A franchise quickly became a property one bought with paper, and it helped if one was an artisan inside the banks.

Like Segovia working a complex arrangement, Joe Robbie is flawless playing the hanks. At football games he grandly introduces his lineup of bankers to the press as if he were unveiling new draft choices. "What the hell is this?" somebody asks. "A bankers' convention or the Orange Bowl?" "No," says Joe, "they've just come to inspect the collateral." Yes, says a Chicago banker, "and I must say it is the most interesting collateral I've ever been associated with." Fine, but despite the clubroom atmosphere bankers are not dolts, or terribly impressionable. Ultimately, just what did Joe Robbie have to offer, besides mienliness and brass?

Not many have fully grasped Robbie's structure of power or understood how he acquired such a mailed fist, remembering that the fist was always unclenched and (palm up) extended. It seems that the touchstone of his power is the general partnership agreement, out of which he was given the drew it up himself) a magic document. Although he says he had a capital investment of only \$100,000 in the club, the paper gave him the authority to control the Dolphins for 20 years. Why would his partners consent to such an arrangement?

The general partnership suited the original investors, mainly because it allowed them to take personal advantage of player depreciation (a very handsome tax write-off), which would not have been possible in a corporate structure. At the same time, though, it was dangerous. Every general partner was exposed to personal liability for the partnership's debts or obligations. The investors, none of whom had any zealous interest in football, emotional or otherwise, perused the danger zone and then seemingly leaped for the door, which Joe gladly opened. Why, yes, certainly, by all means, he would become the sole general partner and be responsible for all Dolphin ob-

ligations. Clearly, he had secured a position of strength. He alone could pledge the franchise as collateral, a fact that gave swing to his moves and the power he would eventually need.

A lawyer with 11 children who, it is said, never made more than \$27,000 in one year in his entire career, Robbie quickly became more than just a curiosity. He became an obsession and anathema in Miami. He not only did not have the proper credentials, he did not have any money, either. He survived only on constantly revolving credit and that magic piece of paper which acquired the credit. "I'm where I am now," says Robbie, "for one reason. That's because nobody wants to put their own money up. They want something for nothing. They don't want to take any risks. That's why I have the club. I took the risk."

Jocular at first, criticism of the club and Robbie soon grew into intramural war in Miami (a conspiracy, says Joe) in which Robbie is cast as a robber baron and his operation as the cheapest in sports history. Didn't he fire the couple who catered for the press because the bill came to \$110 (food included) a game? Writers covering the Dolphins now eat hot dogs.

Danny Thomas, for one, does not agree with that picture of Robbie. "Robbie," he says, "is a great guy in my book, rough and tough. Joe put the club together. He was the finder and came to me. We made a deal and went in. I got out a couple of years ago. Did I get hurt? Did I lose money? You must be kidding. Did you ever hear of a Lebanese losing money? I don't lose money. I only make money. I trust Robbie implicitly. Sure, he has a habit of saying things, but then he makes them happen."

It is impossible to know what promises Robbie made to John O'Neil (who has \$500,000 worth of stock in the club) or what he said to him, but O'Neil is not even allowed near the Dolphin office, nor is he invited on road trips or to the owners' box. The reason, according to Robbie, is because O'Neil is subversive to the Dolphin organization. Once underground, the conflict between

the two now is flaming in public. O'Neil, an original investor and the only one from Miami, recently aimed a civil suit at Robbie charging mismanagement of funds, using club funds for his personal use, raising his salary in violation of the partnership agreement and numerous other practices. He hopes to force an accounting in court. If the suit reaches court, it could be quite explosive. It could expose Joe Robbie as a hustler of considerable dimension or reveal him as an unjustly maligned man. Whatever, it will surely scar the Dolphins, a team already bent by a sad, comic and absurd four-year history, in which they have won 14 of 55 games.

Thomas and Robbie brought their operation to Miami in 1965, having obtained the franchise on Thomas' name and affluence and Joe's clout, the hush of which is rooted in politics. Robbie is a good friend of Hubert Humphrey and former AFL Commissioner Joe Foss, who granted Robbie the franchise just before leaving office. Full of enthusiasm and verbal sock, Thomas and Robbie announced sponsorship of the franchise at the Palm Bay Club. "Doesn't every Lebanese boy who grew up in Toledo want to own a professional team?" said Thomas. Two years later Thomas was gone. "I never went into football to make money, only to have fun," he says. "I had all my fun on the first play the Dolphins ever ran. It was the opening kickoff, and I ran 50 yards for a score. Imagine, no other owner ever ran for a touchdown. This kid Joe Auer took it back 95 yards. I'm on the bench and I pick him up on the 45, me and my cigar. Yelling, I go the rest of the way. I fall flat on my face, right in the end zone. What an opening!" Why did he give up so much fun? He simply says that Robbie hought him out.

Long before Thomas' departure, however, the franchise had a feel of confusion and comedy that triggered cynicism and suspicion. (Bud Adams, the president of the Houston Oilers, once described Robbie as "running a \$2 million a year business like a fruit stand.") From the start it lacked style. Robbie opened up a two-room office in the Dupont Plaza and filled it with telephones

continued

and a girl to pick them up and listen to people who, rather than requesting tickets, were looking for jobs; the head coach position was most popular. One applicant was a hotel clerk who was certain he had a gift for organization. Another was a Pittsburgh trash collector. An itinerant evangelist even applied, convinced that he, being pure of heart, could never lose. The girl, small wonder, did not hire any of them, and Robbie eventually named George Wilson as his coach. Next, a training camp was chosen. The place would be St. Petersburg, and what happened there could be the germ of a whacky musical.

Desperate to save money, the Dolphins accepted an offer from Suncoast Sports, Inc., in which Suncoast would underwrite \$70,000 in expenses. Chuck Burr, then the Dolphins' business manager, and Robbie were elated. The only trouble was that Suncoast suddenly did not exist; its only representative was a man named John Burroughs. From this point on it was all downhill. The practice field was a thin layer of sod over seashells, and soon it was only seashells; visitors still remember the wailing of the injured. Gallantly, Burroughs tried to roll the field, but the improvement was hardly noticeable. It was enough, though, to prompt George Wilson to try to appease Burroughs and hopefully keep him at the roller. Burroughs had a son who was a linebacker candidate. Wilson kept the kid around so long it was embarrassing. When he finally cut him, the old man and his roller disappeared.

The field was just part of the bleakness at St. Petersburg. The players had to use their hotel rooms as dressing areas and, two to a room, slept with jockstraps, shirts and damp pads hanging near their noses. The food was equally demoralizing: the hotel served so much Chinese food that Linebacker Wahoo McDaniel threatened that "from now on they'll have to carry me to practice in a rickshaw." Even George Wilson was having problems. When he cut a player, he had to reach into his own pocket and pay the player's air fare home, being from California was a definite advantage. Wilson soon refrained from cutting, and expenses rocketed. Creditors

were in line, and the trials of the Dolphins were spread over the sports pages. Finally, Robbie, an absentee owner in Minnesota, where he said he had been marooned on account of an airline strike, arrived, snorting smoke. Eventually, Chuck Burr would take the fall; his lawsuit is now just one of many in Robbie's desk drawer.

"When I was fired," says Burr, "it was the culmination of a situation that began the day I got there. My contract said I was to be a senior executive. Well, I had the responsibility, but not the authority. I couldn't make the decisions. They all were made by Robbie while he was in Minnesota and we were on the scene in Miami. We never had any money. I couldn't even write a check for a pencil sharpener. Even the paychecks were made out in Minneapolis. It was so bad that at one stage I had to dip into my own bank account to put the club on the road. I had to come up with about \$11,000 for the players. Others connected with the club put up their money at times, too. I was in charge of business operations, but there was no money to run the business."

Nothing, according to Joe Robbie's opposition, has changed much since those days in St. Petersburg. The players do not like their inferior seating on plane trips, on which stockholders and others receive the best seats; once, Robbie ordered a curtain hung between the players in back and he and his pals up front. Recently, the players literally mooed like cattle as they filed toward the plane. Joe Thomas, director of player personnel, is not happy, either. "He's disgusted and he's said so," says one Miami writer. "He's only getting \$8 per diem, excluding hotel, to do his job, which in big part consists of entertaining coaches and contacts. Few clubs go beneath a \$100,000 scouting budget, but Joe's was only \$42,000 last year. Then he gets a memo from Robbie saying he had a lousy draft in 1969." Recently, there was another memo. Henceforth, Robbie wrote, all exchanges used by coaches on outgoing calls must be recorded and turned in for feasibility study.

Robbie's response to critical charges, on the sports pages or elsewhere, is un-

failing. "That's actionable," he usually says. Then, shaking his head, he expresses bewilderment over what he calls a "morbid preoccupation with the club's finances." He is also not fond of the attention given to his behavior in his own offices or his handling of employees. He has had four business managers, it is often noted, and has fired numerous secretaries, some of whom he suspected were leaking information to O'Neill's underground resistance movement. Often, his office conduct is used to illustrate his tyranny, but much of it is petty and irrelevant. Yet, the question persists: How is it that an owner, responsible for millions, is the target of such small-beer complaints and rumors? It suggests that Robbie has exposed himself too much on one flank.

"When I was there," says Marsha Bierman, the valuable assistant to the coaches who was fired by Robbie, "he even had his nose in the paper clips. I or a big man he's very small. Nobody thinks much of him, especially those like lawyers and partners who are no longer under his hand."

Robbie dismisses such prattle, but he says he does not take self-preservation lightly. He is, to say the least, a master at preserving himself. One of his former partners, Bud Keland, would agree with that. Keland, whom Robbie got to buy Danny Thomas out when Danny tired of running kickoffs back, assumed that he was buying total control of the Dolphins, and that, especially in a deal with Robbie, was his first mistake. "When we bought out Thomas," says Keland, "Joe didn't come up with the money to buy his half, so I figured I was in control. But it didn't work out that way, and then, when Joe wanted to do some refinancing, he needed me to do it. I said, 'Look, you haven't done your part in this thing.' That's when we decided to let Rovel handle the matter."

Keland remains mute about what happened in the meeting with Commissioner Pete Rovel, but this much is certain: Keland, who was the majority stockholder, was eliminated from the scene. "I hear Joe no ill will," says Keland. "He's all right. I learned a lesson from



Robbie watches his Dolphins drop another game. "I hate," he says, "an affront for footballs."

him. If you're going to run with sharp operators, you've got to be smart. He came up with a group of five from Miami to buy me out, and I guess he's got them doing the same thing for him, supplying the money so he can run the club. When I was there, that club and office were run like a bunch of school kids."

Quite abrasive in his relations with the press and others, Robbie appears to be learning how to use the knife more deftly against his critics. For example, this article he wrote in the Dolphin program in which he plays a journalist covering the newspapers:

The first thing I did was call Ed Pope, sports editor of the *Herald*, and tell him I was covering the newspapers.

"Strange," said Ed, "nobody has ever done that before."

"It's long overdue," I agreed. "How is the public to know whether you people are doing an accurate job or not if no one watches over you?"

"Well, exactly what is it you want to know?"

I consulted my notes. "First thing, can you please tell me your total budget, your salary and the salary of every writer on your staff?"

"I'm sorry. . ."

"Also the salaries of your rim men, correspondents and copy boys?"

"... We consider that confidential."

"But it's of great interest to the public, I'm checking out rumors that Miami sportswriters' pay is the low-

est in the league, next to Denver."

"We don't give out that information."

"But," I argued, "pay has a direct bearing on product. Can you at least tell me how much expense money you give your photographers when they cover Dolphin games out of town?"

"We don't send photographers on Dolphin road trips."

"Oh," I said. "Cheapskates," I wrote in my notebook. "Let's get off finances," I suggested. "Can you tell me why last Sunday you elected to run an eight-column 72-point italic head on your strip story instead of a 72-point Bodoni italic?"

"Well . . ." he faltered.

"O.K.," I cut him short. On my notes, I jotted, "Indecisive. Tends to shunt responsibility on others."

[At another paper a reporter tells Robbie he should speak to his editor.]

"Oh, I don't need to talk to him. I already have a sensational item about him. I got it from a cab driver who knows a 7-11 clerk who knows the relief bartender at the Press Club. Scandalous item. Absolutely delicious."

"And you're going to print it without checking it out?" he asked.

"Oh, no," I said. "I don't print that sort of thing. I've hired a lady columnist who lives in Bakersfield, Calif. She'll print it. That way nobody will ever know it came from me."

I would have liked to talk longer, but I had to cut it short. I had a deadline for my first article. It's very complimentary, actually. It's entitled *Expansion City Sportswriters Getting Reiter—But Still Have Room to Improve*.

"The whole thing is this," says Robbie, sitting at his desk, a view of Biscayne Bay out the window. "I brought pro football here when nobody else would get near the place. I protected football in this community. But the club and I have been under constant pressure since the day we got here. I didn't have to come down here to have people try to prove I'm a cheapskate. It's been personally offensive to me. It's against my nature, against my family's nature, not to give . . . give the shirt off your back if somebody needs

continued

it. I've been brought up this way. There's no charge that I'm more sensitive to than that.

"I've been on the board of governors at St. Jude Hospital for 10 years. I've traveled every place they wanted me to, even on a monthly basis, at my own expense. I've always been involved in charities. For nothing. That's the kind of lawyer I was, too. The people I represented I represented without fee most of the time. These pack rats that are trying to gnaw on my bones? No man ever left my office unrepresented who came in and said he had no money. The St. Petersburg training camp was unfortunate, but it would never have happened had I been on the scene. The incident there has been the cause of all my trouble. As soon as I got to St. Petersburg I got the club out of there. The other reasons for our image here have been disloyal employees and John O'Neil. O'Neil disagreed with some of my decisions, and he's been trying to wreck the club ever since. The reporters won't even listen to him anymore because he gives out so much misinformation. I had to fire him as community-relations director.

"We've had to live by our wits here in Miami. I think some people have thought that if they could damage or destroy our financial structure they could move in and take over. I've been a target because some people resent the fact that I have control of this ball club and have had the legal control of it from the first day. I've been vulnerable because I was not operating from a strong financial position. Now let me say this. There is not an investor who has ever put one red copper cent into the operations of this club. Every cent that has ever been paid in by an investor has been used to pay the franchise debt to the AFL, and a \$100,000 annual payment debt to be made to the NFL. Every bit of operating money has been obtained from income or from banking arrangements I make. I'm the only one personally liable in this place.

"I'll say this. I've had people in politics dislike me thoroughly, but nobody ever questioned my integrity. Nobody's ever

suggested that I don't pay my bills. But . . . I find it amazing down here. The owner of a sports enterprise is not ordinarily so public a figure. Once people sympathized with the guy who could climb up the ladder, the Horatio Alger thing, you know. But I think this affluent society where lots of people have lots of money, they resent a working stiff making it. That kind of thinking exists particularly in the glamorous area of professional sports, which always has been a rich man's play thing in the past. They're big business now, and there's going to be more and more of my kind one day. Nobody, I'll say this, will run me out of this town. I know how to fight. I come from a town called Hard Times."

Joe Robbie, 53, was born and raised in Sisseton, S. Dak. (pop. 3,218), where two of his father's great uncles (Lebanese peddlers passing through the town) decided to live. Joe's father was born in a town about 50 miles from Beirut. He left Lebanon in 1900 at the age of 11, mainly because his mother wanted him to escape military conscription by the ruling Turks. She tied a money belt around his waist, put him on the boat and gave him letters to Lebanese in Marseilles and Liverpool. When he reached the United States, his money belt was nearly empty. A tin-ear immigration official stared at him coldly and asked him his name. "Arah," he said. "It sounds like Robbie," the official said to his partner. "That's good enough. Make it Robbie."

Joe himself has always been at ease with the language. It is apparent to all within range that he is an indefatigable talker. At Northern State College and the University of South Dakota, where he spent a total of seven years and only \$300, he became a debating champion. "I loved to talk," he says. "I learned that it could be a weapon, too. But it was really enjoyment for me. Debating and the sports pages were my only distractions." College was just plain work slinging trash, sweeping, anything to make a dollar. After college, and now a lawyer, he entered politics, a Democrat in a Republican state. Later, he won his party's nomination for governor but lost in the general election. As a poli-

tician he says, "I was always interested in people's personal problems."

At the moment Robbie has his own personal problem in the Dolphins. The team, despite its dismal record, is his only passion, other than occasional deep sea fishing trips, during which he works his own and everybody else's line. Looking up at the fish on his office walls, he says, "One thing I'd never do is mount another man's fish." More frequently, he takes his ease on the Dolphin sideline. There, with his children running behind him, he sprints up and down the yard stripes, pounding players on the back, yelling as if he were in the charge at Manassas and hushing people from the area who have suddenly accurred his disfavor.

At work he keeps an eye on the banks, writes memos and spends a good deal of time trying to whip up public sympathy for the Dolphins. His pitch is built on three points. Miami is an expansion team, he says he has spent more money on top draft choices than any other team in football, he has been victimized by the press, a fashionable gambit these days. When the applause does not swell, Robbie is petulant. "Why me?" he says. "What did I do to this town but try to give them a football team?" He cannot understand the sniping, why he ignites violent emotion in others, but the clamor and pointed fingers have not eroded his spirit. "I have an affinity for futility," he says. "It is a Don Quixote complex."

Yet, for all his exposure he is not personally indelible. Except for his bent nose, furtive eyes and the hint that he is always coiled and ready to pounce, he is eminently forgettable. Because of his guile and gall in deals, the anatomy of which no one is certain, he will leave his mark on Miami. But he is, it seems, a failure in a sense, that is if you appreciate art, whether it is in a jewel heist or in the gray rooms of finance. On the inside Joe Robbie was said to be delicate, cool and brilliant. Now, whether out of desperation, confusion, or maybe because of a lack of style under pressure, he somehow seems to have become—to those who watch him closely—just another prairie pirate with the touch of a blacksmith.



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Rum makes the smoothest of all nogs. Sure, there are people who mix it up with scotch and rye and bourbon. And just about anything. And people taste it and say, "Hey, that's not bad."

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You can mix 12 oz. of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum with 1 qt. dairy eggnog mix. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream and chill. It will serve 12.

But this recipe is better. Beat 12 egg yolks till light. Beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar till thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hours. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped cream. Serves 24.

Try it.

We want your guests to say, "Hey. That's good. What's in it?"

PUERTO RICAN RUM

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

Sirs:

Congratulations on a truly fine college basketball issue (Dec. 1) and on giving the University of South Carolina Gamecocks the ranking of No. 1. Frank McGuire is the greatest basketball coach that ever lived and along with Paul Dietzel gives us the greatest coaches in the country.

After winning the ACC title, having Warren Mur named All-America and going to the Peach Bowl, this truly is the Year of the Rooster.

DOANE BOWLES

Warrens, S.C.

Sirs:

Your article on Pete Maravich (Dec. 1) has long been awaited by those basketball fans who have not yet had the privilege to witness his display of superdills. This letter is to let Mr. Maravich rest assured that, while not yet supporting a major professional team, the sports fans in Hawaii are not behind the times. Their uncontrolled enthusiasm for sports can be viewed in their past support of such outstanding sports events as the Hawaiian Open Golf Tournament, the Hula Bowl and the new Aloha Basketball Classic in April. And while Pete Maravich is playing in the December Rainbow Classic, one of the best in-season basketball tournaments in the nation, he will hear no cries of "Hot Dog" in Honolulu. His mystic magic will be appreciated more and cheered louder than ever before.

Thank you for an excellent article.

BREAN SYMONDS

Honolulu

Sirs:

Pete Maravich has finally settled a three-year argument on whether or not he really is an All-America basketball player.

It was obvious to me, and probably to the vast majority of your readers, that Maravich does not really care about basketball at LSU, winning or any of the other mundane yardsticks by which greatness is inevitably measured, but he cares only about Pete Maravich and what a flashy show he can put on.

Pistol Pete will inevitably lead the nation in scoring, make All-American and lead LSU to a mediocre, if not poor, season playing against second-rate teams. He will probably then be a high draft pick and be paid a large bonus to lead some professional team to a number of flashy losing seasons.

The only hope is that the managers of professional basketball and Pete Maravich realize before it's too late that what really draws crowds and determines greatness is

not *razzle-dazzle*, tanning crowds, referees and opposing teams, but winning.

KEN ASHMAN

San Diego

Sirs:

Maravich may go around the league putting on his show, but there is one team he never has, and never will, put on a show against. In his four previous meetings with Tennessee's Volunteers he has been held anywhere from 20 to 25 points below his per-game average. The only show was put on by the men playing against him.

Undoubtedly, Pete is a great player but the Pistol has a strange habit of getting jammed when he sees orange.

STEVE WISNIEVER

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs:

Your story on Pistol Pete Maravich was both interesting and fascinating. While he may be a candidate for the Harlem Globetrotters, let's wait until he plays in the pros and then we'll see if this hot dog can cut the mustard!

SEAN J. STARR

Baltimore

Sirs:

Attention rescue squads, firemen, police, hospitals, doctors and to whom it may concern, throw away the stomach pumps! Let the patient (victim) read Pete Maravich's story. The same results will be achieved without all the messy manipulations.

JOHN WARREN

Hazel Green, Ala.

PHOEBANT FLIGHT

Sirs:

After having read *Flight of the People Bird* by Virginia Kraft (Nov. 17), I feel compelled to object to your allowing the advocacy of Virginia Kraft's theory.

To urge that hunters, in person, pay landowners for the right to hunt or fish on their land makes hunting and fishing available only to the wealthy. I can't believe this is the policy of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

As a professional natural-resource biologist, I am certainly aware that habitat is the key to wildlife numbers. Today's most productive and profitable farming practices do not leave good pheasant habitat. If we are to expect the farmer to lose money for pheasants, I agree he must be given an equal compensation. However, this compensation cannot come from individual hunters or groups of hunters, as the vast majority could not compete for desirable hunting. The payment must come through our various state and federal agencies which are responsible

for the management of the natural resources in question. In this way the end product would be equally available to all hunters. Also, the amount of payment would not be set by the ability to pay, with the rights going to the highest bidder.

I hope this method of attempting to solve the pheasant habitat problem can be given equal publicity in the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

MAX JOHNSON

Antigo, Wis.

GOOD POINT

Sirs:

In his story about the USC-UCLA game (*Make War for the Wild Bunch*, Dec. 1), Dan Jenkins failed to even mention what could have become the headline call of the year by Coach John McKay.

In the event of a tie game, USC would have gone to the Rose Bowl because it had the better conference record. However, when his team scored with a little less than two minutes to play, making their lead 13-12, instead of trying for a two-point conversion which would have given them a lead on the game, Coach McKay sent in his kicking unit for a completely useless extra point to make the score 14-12.

This left the door open, and UCLA could then win by getting a field goal rather than a touchdown. For a while it looked as if the Bruins might do exactly this when they reached the USC 38-yard line with time left in the game. Another first and and Coach McKay might have had a long winter to sit and regret that untied two-point conversion. An interception saved the day.

THOMAS C. DUDLEY

Philadelphia

FLAG WAGON (CONT.)

Sirs:

As to who innovated the penalty flag (*Scorescape*, Nov. 10), I believe my claim will antedate that of Dwight (Duke) Beede (1910s) (Hof., Nov. 24).

After graduating from college in 1934 I served as head lineman for Port Allegany (Pa.) High School (where I played football in 1927 and 1928) for the next several years. During the season of 1934 I was accused by partisan fans of calling offside only because their team had made a long gain. Therefore, in the season of 1935 I tied a large handanna handkerchief in a heavy metal nut. Thereafter I called offside not only by blowing the horn but at the same time I hurled the bandanna high in the air. Thus the spectators were aware of an infraction of the rules before the play developed.

This helped the sideline fan to know what was going on and at the same time insured

enrollment



THE LYNCHBURG CORNET BAND was started up by Mr. Jack Daniel. It took a while for the group to catch on.

Back then, it was awful wooly around Lynchburg. And no one cared a whole lot for music. But Mr. Jack got that band started up (as a way to sell whiskey) and before long they were playing saloon openings and political rallies and other such places. Today, things have changed a great deal in Lynchburg, and mostly for the good. But we still do *one* thing as in the days of the Cornet Band: We make Jack Daniel's Whiskey in the old Tennessee way and charcoal mellow every single drop.



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Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

In case after case doctors proved, while gently relieving pain and itching, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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15TH HOLE (continued)

my continued good health when visiting the
hotels and pubs in neighboring cities.

JAMES M. HERRER

Virginia Beach, Va

FISHING PERMIT

Sirs:

Would that I could be so eloquent in de-
scribing my enjoyment on reading *The
Longest Silence* (Dec. 1) as Thomas Mc-
Guane was in writing it. I lived every sec-
ond with him. If circumstances were only
slightly different, I would have been in a
skiff close-by.

JOHN H. MEHRBACH

Veneta, Va

VIVA KING

Sirs:

I have just finished reading Mark Kram's
report of the Benvenuto-Rodriguez fight
(*Nano's Hook Stopped a Roman Row*, Dec.
1), and, in truth, I must say it was one of
the most disgusting pieces of sports cov-
erage that has ever been contained between
the covers of SI.

Nowhere in the article is any credit given
to the super left hook thrown by Nano.
That punch would have stopped a bull
elephant!

According to the announcer of the last
Italian fight I witnessed on TV, three warn-
ings relating to a major infraction (biting,
low punching, rabbit punching, etc.) were
grounded to disqualify a fighter. Rodriguez
was warned four times.

Don't blame Italy, the Italians or the ref-
eree for Rodriguez' loss; give the credit to
a paralyzing left hook thrown by Nino
Benvenuto.

R. F. McDERMOTT

Trenton, N.J.

BELIEVER

Sirs:

Regarding your article on Dr. Robert Ker-
lan (*Don Kerlan: Rx for Athletes*, Nov. 24).
Recently I was a student at Loyola Uni-
versity of Los Angeles and a member of
the rugby team. During the 1968 season I
injured my shoulder during a game in San
Diego. It was diagnosed as a bad bruise.
Six months later, after much pain, the uni-
versity sent me to Dr. Kerlan.

After inspecting my shoulder, Dr. Ker-
lan said I had a separation. The doctors in
San Diego, with the use of X rays, had not
found the separation. Six months later—
upon sight examination—Dr. Kerlan made
the right diagnosis.

It was not only his medical sense that
made me a believer in Dr. Kerlan. It was
the fact that he treated me with as much com-
passion and professionalism as he had treat-
ed the Dodgers, Lakers and Rams.

JAMES HARRIGAN

Arlington Heights, Ill.

HIGH STANDARDS

Sirs:

Your humorous article about Paul Ha-
ber (*Just Like a Green Bay Tree*, Dec. 1)
and his method of living while winning hand-
ball championships was a real scream. I
am sure it will be very funny to youth and
gusting lovers of youth who are making an
honored effort to set high standards of per-
sonal conduct and accomplishment. But then
it was a really funny feature, and that's all
we really care about, isn't it?

M. D. HANKS

Salt Lake City

SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

As a cigarette-smoking, nonhandball-
playing beer drinker, I nominate Paul Haber
as the Sportsman of the Year.

RALPH HERD

San Francisco

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Bill Toomey
for Sportsman of the Year. This year Toomey
completed eight deathfalls. In six of
these eight he scored over 8,000 points. He
has scored 8,277 for an American record.
This year he also set a world pentathlon
record with 4,123 points—44 points beyond
the old world mark—and won the AAU ti-
tle for the fifth consecutive time.

KRAG WILLEN

Whittier, Calif.

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Tex Maule for
Sportsman of the Year. To come back for
another year as a football analyst after his
pre-Super Bowl article belittling Joe and
the Jets (as well as his continuing anti-AFL
propaganda) is courage at its best.

DAVID MOORE

Selden, N.Y.

Sirs:

The team of the year is the New York
Mets. The sports event of the year was the
Mets doing the impossible.

Maybe they weren't the strongest team in
baseball, nor the best in player-for-player
performance. But they had the will to win
against heavy odds. And the guiding spirit of
the Mets was their manager, Gil Hodges. A
year ago he was recovering from a heart at-
tack. This year he led the Mets to the top. For
years as a player and now as a manager he has
displayed the finest qualities of sportsman-
ship: dedication, courage, teamwork, and he
has been a source of inspiration to others.

Gil Hodges for Sportsman of the Year.

ROGER KINGLEY

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg.**,
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If you want to create a Mild Sensation perhaps you should give one.

Around December 25th, who can say that he would not like to share the lime-light in some way? Either for giving. Or by receiving.

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A blend of 45 of the lightest Scotch

whiskies Scotsmen have ever been able to marry. All at least eight years old.

Because we found that it takes that much time to make a smooth Scotch. So naturally, we're patient.

And then what you give (or if you're lucky enough, receive) is more than just light Scotch. It's a Mild Sensation.



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